



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



HARVARD UNIVERSITY



LIBRARY OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC









Op. 60.



Price 5/- net.

BOOSEY &amp; CO

295 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

and

9 East Seventeenth Street, New-York

Copyright 1895 by Boosey &amp; Co

Mms 537.49

✓

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY**

**MAR 21 1962**

**EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY**

TO MY OLD FRIEND

JOSEPH ROBINSON

I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS WORK.

NOVEMBER 1894.

C. V. S.



## PREFACE.

---

I have long wished for an opportunity, which has now happily arrived, of laying before the musical public an edition of the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore, in which the airs could be given in an accurate form as noted by such excellent antiquarians as Bunting and Petrie. I have been able, thanks to the authorities of the British Museum and more especially to the able help of Mr. Barclay Squire who presides over the musical section of its library, to examine also the rare collections of Burke Thumoth, Carolan, and Holden. To this last Moore undoubtedly was (after Bunting) the most indebted.

While it is impossible to over-rate the value of much of Moore's work, both as containing masterpieces of lyrical writing, and as being the first popular presentation of the Folk-songs of Ireland, it must be remembered that the age in which they were published was not one of the golden periods of British Music, and that accuracy of detail was scarcely to be expected at a time when knowledge of the subject was very limited. In any strictures which I have felt compelled to pass on the poet and his arranger, Sir John Stevenson, this point must be kept in view, and it must be freely conceded that neither before nor since Moore's time has there been any Irish poet who so completely combined fineness of workmanship with spirit and pathos of expression.

As will be seen in the notes I have appended to the airs at the end of the volume, there is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt. Whether he or his arranger was responsible for these corruptions is a matter which is lost to history; but as the name of the poet has the greater prominence in the original publication, I have laid to his door any blame which I am compelled to allot. Stevenson, a remarkable musician, who though resident all his life in Ireland was well read in foreign music, was much under the influence of the works of Haydn: and he seems to have imported into his arrangements a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal. This probably led to the alterations of scales and characteristic intervals (such as the flat seventh) which are the life and soul of Irish melodies. Some airs are, owing to long usage in the form in which they first were dressed, almost hopelessly spoilt: as an instance I may mention "The Last Rose of Summer" (The Groves of Blarney), the original of which is to be found in Holden's collection. Moore has assisted this transmogrification, by supplying words often beautiful in themselves, but quite out of keep-

ing with the style of the airs, such as sentimental poems for jig-tunes, dirges for agricultural airs, battle-hymns for reels. Such errors of judgment were incapable of alteration, save by a sacrifice of the words in a collection which was intended as a complete presentation both of the music and Moore's work: and I am bound to admit that in a few instances, such as "Let Erin remember" and "Oh ye dead", the melodies are so intrinsically fine and so versatile in their adaptability to various sentiments, as to endure the change of character without loss of expressiveness.

Some few of the "Melodies" I have omitted, because they are not Irish at all. These are "Evelcen's Bower", "Believe me if all those endearing young charms", and "Oh the Shamrock". I have also omitted "By that Lake" and "Alone in crowds", because the airs assigned to them are identical with those of "O breathe not his name" and "I wish I were by that dim lake".

For the accompaniments I can only say that they are frankly modern. As the melodies themselves were seldom or ever imagined from any but a monophonic standpoint, polyphony must be an interloper, no matter what its style. Therefore I have adopted a free form, while preserving in all cases the scale of the melody; for my view is (and I admit that there are two sides to the question) that the more vivid and the more in accordance with the spirit of the present age they can be made, the better their chance of bringing the force of the melodies home to the listener. The airs are for all time, their dress must vary with the fashion of a fraction of time.

For the rest I have only to express my thanks to the authorities of the British Museum, and to Mr. Joseph Robinson, the pioneer in the art of musicianly arrangement of the music of Ireland, who most kindly allowed me to use his admirable phrasing of the "Minstrel Boy" in this volume. I may conclude with a maxim as to the proper vocal rendering of the tunes, which is well-known to all born Irishmen; that the tendency is always to make a short pause (almost chorale-fashion) at the close of a line, and never to be so strict in *tempo* as to sacrifice the exigencies of breath or to spoil the point of a phrase.

C. V. Stanford.

London, November 1894.

# CONTENTS.

<i>Name of Song</i>	<i>Old Air</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Name of Song</i>	<i>Old Air</i>	<i>Page</i>
After the battle . . . . .	Thy fair bosom . . . . .	62	Love's young dream . . . . .	The old woman . . . . .	74
And doth not a meeting like this . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	202	My gentle harp . . . . .	The caoine or dirge . .	144
As a beam o'er the face of the waters . . . . .	The young man's dream .	22	Nay, tell me not, dear . .	Dennis, don't be threat- ening . . . . .	86
As slow our ship . . . . .	The Girl I left behind me	148	Ne'er ask the hour . . . . .	My husband's a journey to Portugal gone . . .	170
As vanquished Erin . . . . .	The Boyne Water . . . .	206	No, not more welcome . .	Luggelaw . . . . .	124
At the mid hour of night . .	Molly, my dear . . . . .	96	O think not my spirits . .	John O'Reilly the active	16
Avenging and bright . . . .	Cruachan na feine . . . .	88	Oh! Arranmore . . . . .	Killdroughalt fair . . .	236
Before the battle . . . . .	The fairy Queen . . . . .	60	Oh banquet not . . . . .	Planxty Irwin . . . . .	187
Come o'er the sea . . . . .	Cuishla machree . . . . .	120	Oh! Blame not the bard . .	Kitty Tyrrel . . . . .	52
Come, rest in this bosom . .	Lough Sheelling . . . . .	134	Oh! Breathe not his name	The brown maid . . . . .	7
Come, send round the wine	We brought the Summer with us . . . . .	42	Oh, could we do with this world . . . . .	Basket of oysters . . . .	242
Dear harp of my country . .	New Langolce . . . . .	142	O'Donoghue's mistress . . .	The little and great mountain . . . . .	182
Desmond's song . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	208	Oh! Doubt me not . . . . .	Yellow Wat and the fox	114
Drink of this cup . . . . .	Paddy O'Rafferty . . . .	176	Oh for the swords . . . . .	<i>Unknown origin</i> . . . .	166
Drink to her . . . . .	Helgho! My Jacky . . . .	50	Oh! Had we some bright little isle . . . . .	"Shiela na guira" . . . .	110
Echo . . . . .	The Wren . . . . .	186	Oh, the sight entrancing	Planxty Sudley . . . . .	192
Erin, oh Erin . . . . .	I am asleep and don't waken me . . . . .	46	Oh, where's the slave . . . .	Down beside me . . . .	132
Erin! The tear and the smile in thine eyes . . . . .	Aileen Aroon . . . . .	5	Oh, ye dead! . . . . .	<i>A plough tune</i> . . . . .	180
— Fairest put on awhile . . .	Cummilum . . . . .	198	On music . . . . .	The Banks of Banna . . .	68
Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour . . . . .	Moll Roone . . . . .	112	One bumper at parting! . .	Moll Roe in the morning	96
Fill the bumper fair . . . .	Bob and Joan . . . . .	140	Quick! We have but a second	Paddy O'Snap . . . . .	200
Fly not yet . . . . .	Planxty Kelly . . . . .	14	Remember thee . . . . .	Castle Tirowan . . . . .	152
Forget not the field . . . .	The lamentation of Aughrim . . . . .	162	Remember the glories of Brien the brave . . . . .	Molly Mc Alpin . . . . .	3
— From this hour the pledge is given . . . . .	Renard's ne . . . . .	248	Rich and rare were the gems she wore . . . . .	The summer is coming	18
Go where glory waits thee	Maid of the valley . . . .	1	Sail on, sail on . . . . .	The humming of the Ban	172
Has sorrow thy young days shaded . . . . .	Sly Patrick . . . . .	122	Shall the harp then be silent	Macfarlane's lament- ation . . . . .	180
How dear to me the hour	The twisting of the rope . .	26	She is far from the land . .	Open the door softly . .	84
How oft has the benshee cried . . . . .	The dear black maid . . .	32	She sung of love . . . . .	The Munster man . . . .	214
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me . . . . .	The Rose tree . . . . .	118	Silence is in our festal halls	The green woods of Truigha . . . . .	250
If thou't be mine . . . . .	The winnowing sheet . . .	157	Sing, sing, music was given	The old Langolce . . . .	216
Ill omens . . . . .	Kitty of Coleraine . . . .	54	Sing, sweet harp . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	220
In the morning of life . . .	The little harvest rose . .	146	Song of Innisfail . . . . .	Peggy bawn . . . . .	230
I saw from the beach . . . .	Miss Molly . . . . .	139	Song of the battle eve . . .	The Cruiskeen lawn . .	222
I saw thy form . . . . .	Donnel O'Greadh . . . . .	82	St. Senanus and the lady . .	The brown thorn . . . .	168
It is not the tear . . . . .	The Sixpence . . . . .	70	Sublime was the warning . .	The black joke . . . . .	44
I've a secret to tell thee . .	Oh southern breeze . . . .	228	Sweet Innisfallen . . . . .	The captivating youth	194
I wish I was by that dim lake	Shule Aroon . . . . .	212	Take back the virgin page	I love you above all the rest . . . . .	247
Lay his sword by his side	If the sea were ink . . . .	238	The dream of those days . .	Open the door softly . .	178
Leobia hath a beaming eye	Nora Creina . . . . .	80	The fortune teller . . . . .	Molly my treasure . . . .	9
Let Erin remember the da of old . . . . .	The little red fox . . . .	36	The harp that once thro' Tara's halls . . . . .	I once had a true love	66
Love and the novice . . . .	Black-headed deary . . . .	92	The Irish peasant to his mistress . . . . .		



<i>Name of Song</i>	<i>Old Air</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Name of Song</i>	<i>Old Air</i>	<i>Page</i>
The legacy . . . . .	The Bard's legacy . . . .	30	'Tis gone, and for ever . .	"Savourneen deelish" . .	136
The meeting of the waters	The old Head of Dennis . .	24	'Tis sweet to think . . . .	Thady, you gander . . .	64
The minstrel boy . . . . .	The Moreen . . . . .	106	'Tis the last rose of Summer	The Groves of Blarney . .	102
The mountain sprite . . . .	The mountain sprite . . .	204	To ladies' eyes . . . . .	Faugh-a-ballagh . . . . .	159
The night dance . . . . .	The nightcap . . . . .	232	'Twas one of those dreams	The song of the woods . .	196
The origin of the harp . . .	Gage Fane . . . . .	72	Wemay roam thro' this world	Garryowen . . . . .	54
The Prince's day . . . . .	St. Patrick's day . . . . .	76	Weep on, weep on . . . . .	The song of sorrow . . .	78
The song of Fionnuala . . .	Arrah, my dear Eveleen . .	39	What the bee is to the		
The song of O'Ruark . . . .	The pretty girl milking		floweret . . . . .	The yellow garra . . . .	90
	her cow . . . . .	108	When cold in the earth . .	Limerick's lamentation . .	150
The time I've lost in wooing	Pease upon a trencher . . .	130	Whene'er I see those smiling		
The wandering bard . . . .	Planxty O'Reilly . . . . .	226	eyes . . . . .	Father Quinn . . . . .	156
The wine-cup is circling . .	Michael Hoy . . . . .	244	When first I met thee . . .	O Patrick fly from me . .	126
The young May moon . . . .	The Dandy O! . . . . .	104	When he who adores thee	The Fox's sleep . . . . .	8
Thee, thee, only thee . . . .	The market-stake . . . . .	188	While gazing on the moon's		
There are sounds of mirth	The priest in his boots . . .	234	light . . . . .	Oonagh . . . . .	56
They know not my heart . .	Coulin dhas . . . . .	210	While history's muse . . . .	Paddy whack . . . . .	128
They may rail at this life	Noch bonin shin doe . . .	164	Wreathe the bowl . . . . .	Norah Kista . . . . .	154
This life is all chequer'd . .	The bunch of green		Yes, sad one of Sion . . . .	I would rather than Ire-	
	rushes that grew at			land . . . . .	173
	the brim . . . . .	94	You remember Ellen . . . .	Were I a clerk . . . . .	116
Though humble the banquet	Farewell, Eamon . . . . .	218			
Though the last glimpse of					
Erin . . . . .	The Coulin . . . . .	11			



# NOTES TO THE AIRS.

---

1. "Go where glory waits thee".

Moore's version is correct with the exception of the refrain.

2. "Remember the glories".

The version given is Bunting's (1st. Edn.); that given in the article "Irish Music" in Grove's Dictionary of Music seems to be inaccurate.

3. "Erin the tear".

Moore's version is wholly wrong, and closely resembles "Robin Adair"; that given here is Bunting's (1st. Edn.). The bars omitted by Moore are added with the words in italics. It is possible that "Robin Adair" is a simplified and shortened form, from the same source as "Aileen Aroon".

5. "When he who adores thee".

Moore's version has many mistakes.

7. "Tho' the last glimpse of Erin".

This beautiful air has been mercilessly altered and spoilt by Moore. I have restored Bunting's version.

8. "Fly not yet".

This jig-tune is infinite in form. Moore's refrain ("O stay") is interpolated by him. The real ending (or rather return to the first phrase) will be found in the accompaniment.

9. "O think not my spirits".

With some slight exceptions Moore's version is correct: but he repeats the first part of the Planxty instead of the second as given here.

13. "How dear to me the hour".

Moore has spoilt this tune by inserting wholly irrelevant accidentals, and altering the final cadence. The rhythm of this song is so peculiar as to suggest the possibility that the tempo has been carelessly noted. Mr. Joseph Robinson in his arrangement has altered the signature to  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. As all the old authorities have given it in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, I have followed them and the pauses I have inserted seem to make the lilt of the tune intelligible.

14. "Take back the virgin page".

The version given here is Carolan's.

15. "The Legacy".

This is a jig-tune of which Moore has altered the character by supplying sentimental words: it is therefore impossible to restore its proper tempo, without sacrificing the poem.

18. "Let Erin remember".

This air as given by Bunting is a quick dance tune. Moore has altered it (by halving the speed) into a march, and, with the exception of one phrase unnecessarily sacrificed by him and here restored, it is impossible to deny that the melody has greatly gained in force and dignity by the alteration.

19. "Silent O Moyle".

Moore destroyed the character of the tune and obliterated its scale by sharpening the seventh (G sharp for G natural).

20. "Come, send round the wine".

The second half of the air has been much altered by Moore, and the original florid passage will be found in the accompaniment.

21. "Sublime was the warning".

I have adopted Moore's version of this tune in preference to Carolan's, which even if more authentic, is far less suitable to the words.

22. "Erin Oh Erin".

There is scarcely a passage right in Moore's version, and the repeat of the first phrase, which is characteristic of this form of air, has been omitted by him; nor is it possible to supply it without adding two lines to the poem.

24. "Oh blame not the bard".

Moore altered many notes and intervals.

25. "While gazing on the moon's light".

I have been unable to find the original form of this air, and have left it as Moore transcribed it; although some of the chromatic passages seem foreign to the character of Irish Music, they are sufficiently pretty in themselves to atone for their own delinquencies.

27. "Before the Battle".

This extraordinary melody was arranged by Stevenson in the first Edition as a quartet. The range is wholly out of the compass of any one voice, and I have been compelled to raise the pitch by an octave in the eighth and ninth lines. The burden in the interlude is part of the melody.

28. "After the Battle".

Moore has altered this air from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{4}{4}$  time, and has inserted an impossible C sharp. The air is in O'Neil's collection quoted by Petrie in his unpublished manuscripts. I have been unable to restore the tune completely without sacrificing the poem.

29. "'Tis sweet to think".

30. "The Irish peasant to his mistress".

31. "On Music".

I have been unable to find the original versions of these tunes.

32. "It is not the tear".

Moore spoilt the pathos of this air by omitting the D flat in the 1st and 3rd. lines.

35. "The Prince's day".

The version given here is Bunting's, which agrees in most points with Carolan's, but differs in many from Moore's.

36. "Weep on".

Moore has much altered the air, especially the seventh line.

37. "Lesbia hath a beaming eye".

Holden gives a version of this air in the minor key, which has every appearance of being the genuine form; but it is unfortunately unsuited to the words.

38. "I saw thy form".

A much more characteristic version of this air is to be found in Petrie's collection (p. 152) where it appears in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, and in a less ornamental form. Unfortunately Moore's poem does not fit the music as there given.

39. "She is far from the land".

An air from Bunting's 1st. collection, of which Moore left scarcely a note unaltered, omitting the flat seventh and vulgarizing the close.

42. "What the bee is".

Moore's version is a combination of two different forms of the air, given by Bunting in his second edition; I have restored the second version in its entirety. The most authentic form of the tune is probably that given by Petrie in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, but this will not suit the poem.

43. "Love and the Novice".

In spite of Bunting's authority (in the preface to his second edition) Moore has adopted the spurious form of this air in the minor key, besides making numerous alterations for the worse in the melody. I have restored the form given by Bunting.

45. "At the mid hour of night".

The original of this lovely air is to be found in Holden's collection; Petrie noted an air called "Molly my jewel" which is undoubtedly another but far inferior version of the same tune.

47. "'Tis the last rose of summer".

The melody of "the Groves of Blarney" is given by Holden. It has an "Ullogaun" or lament at the close which is singularly beautiful (see note to No. 113). The whole tune is much altered and spoilt by Moore, but it is so well-known in its corrupt version that it is hopeless to restore it completely. I have however taken out the ridiculous cadenza, and the B natural, which destroy its simplicity.

49. "The Minstrel Boy".

Mr. Joseph Robinson has kindly allowed me to use his phrasing of this fine air, a vocal treatment which could not be improved upon. I have however eliminated the C sharp in the sixth line, which is foreign to the scale of the tune, and which is not to be found in O'Neil's version of the air. It is a reel-tune, altered by Moore into a march (see No. 18).

50. "The song of Bressini".

The version is Bunting's (1st. Edn.).

51. "Oh had we some bright little isle".

This version is Petrie's. Moore's version is in the major and of a jig character, and as such is very unsuitable to the poem he wrote for it.

52. "Farewell but whenever".

I have been unable to trace the original of this air. I doubt if it is Irish, but have no evidence to the contrary.

53. "Oh doubt me not".

Moore has omitted the very characteristic A flat, the harmonization of which is necessarily chromatic, in order to avoid barbarous chords which would be more out of character with the grace of the air.

54. "You remember Ellen".

I can find no original authority for this air.

58. "No, not more welcome".

The air called Luggelaw, which Petrie originally gave to Moore, is a wholly different melody from that so named in Petrie's M. S. S.

59. "When first I met thee".

I have been unable to find the original of this air. Moore's words are entirely unsuited to its light and playful character.

60. "While history's muse".

A jig-tune pure and simple.

62. "Where is the slave".

I have adopted Carolan's version. Both his and Bunting's differ from Moore's. The fragment of a Lament, which Moore introduced at the close, should be in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time.

64. "Tis gone and for ever".

The original is in Holden's collection. Moore ruthlessly altered notes and took out the finest phrase (beginning with the pause at the seventh line).

67. "Dear Harp of my country".

This is Holden's version.

70. "As slow our ship".

Chappell claims this as an English air; Bunting, whose version I have adopted, as an Irish one. Moore's ending in the minor is quite without authority of any sort. Bunting had the air from O'Neil the harpist.

71. "When cold in the earth".

I have adopted Bunting's version, as more reliable and more beautiful than Carolan's. Moore's version is wholly different from both and is probably his own. The poem cannot be said to be a successful setting to the music, and the last verse is especially poor from a rhythmical stand-point.

73. "Whene'er I see".

The version is Holden's.

74. If thou'lt be mine".

The turn used in the accompaniment is part of the melody and precedes the last note; as it is difficult to vocalise I have transferred it to the pianoforte.

83. "Drink of this cup".

Bunting's version of this jig-tune. Neither Moore's version nor Bunting's is really adapted for vocal purposes; it is an instrumental dance.

85. "Oh ye dead".

A singular proof of Moore's superficial smattering of Irish folk-songs. The melody is a lively agricultural tune, probably whistled by a plough-man. To this Moore has written a dirge, altering the whole character of the air. Apart from this curious blunder, he has ruthlessly altered both notes and rhythm, of which the irregularity was the main charm: treating them indeed after the fashion of Procrustes. These vandalisms I have been able to expunge and to restore the original as it stands in the collection of the younger Carolan.

86. "O'Donohue's mistress".

There are very few notes right in Moore's version. The original air is out of the range of any but an exceptional voice, and I have altered the pitch by an octave in two passages. The air belongs to the same type as No. 27.

90. "Shall the harp".

Moore has written so many verses to this air, that I have printed the greater number at the foot, leaving the choice to the singer.

91. 'Oh the sight".

Moore has much altered this fine air. I have restored it completely, but it is optional for the singer to alter the pitch in the last phrase by an octave.

92. "Sweet Innisfallen".

See Note to No. 90.

93. "Twas one of those dreams".

See Note to No. 90.

94. "Fairest, put on awhile".

Moore has scarcely a right note in his version. See Note to No. 90.

96. "And doth not a meeting".

A jig-tune, transformed into a sentimental air. It has a strong family likeness to a tune in my volume of "Irish Songs and Ballads" named "The Kilkenny Cats". See Note to No. 90.

97. "The mountain sprite".

A somewhat tame air, of which I cannot trace the origin.

98. "As vanquished Erin".

I have adopted the far finer version of this air given by Dr. Francis Robinson in the appendix of his pianoforte arrangement of Moore's Melodies.

99. "Desmond's Song".

I cannot trace the origin of this or the following air (No. 100).

101. "I wish I was by that dim lake".

Another version of this air, and a very beautiful one, has been arranged by Mr. Joseph Robinson under the title of "I wish I were on yonder hill". The words he has used are more suitable to the melody than Moore's, but I cannot find authority for his more varied version of the melody.

102. "She sung of Love".

Moore has, for a wonder, preserved the characteristic flat seventh in the scale of this tune; but he (or his arranger) has compensated for this unusual accuracy by altering the key to the subdominant, which produces a most ridiculous effect. The air is in the "narrative" form.

104. "Tho' humble the banquet".

I cannot trace the origin of this or the following air (No. 105).

106. "Song of the Battle Eve".

I have adopted the second version of this magnificent air given by Dr. Francis Robinson, which is nearly identical with that in Holden's collection, though in a few points superior to it. Moore's is much poorer, and he has wholly altered the close, ending the melody in the relative major!

107. "The wandering Bard".

This jig-tune is so unsuited for vocal purposes that I have been obliged to transfer some of the melody to the accompaniment, and to simplify the voice part.

110. "The night dance".

A jig-tune of "infinite" form. The version given is Holden's. The intervening symphony contains part of the melody.

113. "Lay his sword by his side".

Moore's version of this magnificent air is nearly correct. I have inserted after the pause in the sixth line a very fine lament (Ullogaun or Caoine) which is printed in Holden's collection at the end of the Groves of Blarney. It seems appropriate in this place.

106. "The dream of those days".

Holden's version is given here. See note to No. 102.

117. "From this hour".

I have adopted Petrie's version of this air, which is much more characteristic and beautiful than Moore's (given by Holden) and more likely to be authentic.

118. "Silence is in our festal halls".

This was a tribute from Moore to the memory of Sir John Stevenson.



# GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

## AIR. MAID OF THE VALLEY.

Andante molto moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee,

*pp poco rit.* *a tempo*  
But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still re - member me. When the praise thou meetest

*pp colla parte*

*pp poco rit.* *mf*  
To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then re - member me. O - ther arms may press thee,

*pp colla parte*

*p rit.*  
Dear - er friends car-ess thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet-er far may be;

*p colla parte*

*a tempo* *cresc.* *pp rit.*  
But when friends are near-est, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re - member me.

*cresc.* *pp colla parte* *cresc.*



*legato*  
 2. When, at eve thou rov-est By the star thou lov-est  
 3. When, a-round thee dy-ing, Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing

*p*

*cresc.*  
 Oh! then— re-mem-ber me. Think, when home re-turn-ing, Bright we've seen it burn-ing,  
 Oh! then— re-mem-ber me. And, at night, when gazing On the gay hearth blaz-ing,

*cresc.*

*f*  
 Oh! thus— re-mem-ber me. Oft as summer clos-es, When thine eye re-po-ses,  
 Oh! still— re-mem-ber me. Then should mu-sic, steal-ing, All the soul of feel-ing,

*mf* *p*

*poco più lento*  
 On its ling'-ring re-ses, Once so loved by thee, Think of her who wove them,  
 To thy heart ap-peal-ing, Draw one tear from thee, Then let mem'-ry bring thee

*p poco più lento*

*pp*  
 Her who made thee love them, Oh! then— remember me.  
 Strains I used to sing thee, Oh! then— remember me.

*pp*

# REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE. 3

AIR. MOLLY Mc ALPIN.

Tempo di marcia.

VOICE. *mf*

1. Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of  
2. Mo - no-nial when Na-ture em-

PIANO. *p*

Bri-en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo-no-nia, and  
bel-lish'd the tint of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair, Did she ev-er in-tend that a

cold in the grave, He re-turns to Kin-ko-ra no more. That star of the field which so  
ty-rant should print The foot-step of sla-ve-ry there? No, Freedom, whose smile we shall

of - ten hath pour'd its beam on the bat-tle hath set; But e-nough of the glo-ry re-  
ne-ver re-sign, Go, tell our in-va-ders the Danes, That 'tis swee-ter to bleed for an

mains on each sword, To light us to vic-to-ry yet.  
age at thy shrine, Than to sleep but a mo-ment in chains.

*dim.*

*p*

3. For - get not our wounded com - pa - nions, who stood In the day of dis - tress by our

side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They

*cresc.*

stir'd not, but con - quer'd and died. That sun - which now bles - ses our

arms with his light, saw them fall u - pon Os - sory's plain; Oh! let him not blush when he

leaves us to - night, To find that they fell there in vain!

*rall.*

*colla parte*

*ff rall.*

# ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR. AILEEN AROON.

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

*p* *pp*

*mp* *p*

E - rin the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the

*pp*

rain - bow that hangs in thy skies! Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream,

*mf* *pp*

Sad - d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam (shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream,

*pp*

*mf* *rit.*

Sad - d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam) Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam

*mf* *colla parte*

*p*  
weep while they rise.

*p* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

*p molto espressivo* *pp*  
E - rin, thy si - lent tear ne-ver shall cease, E - rin, thy lan - guid smile

*cresc.* *mf*  
ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious

*mf*

*pp*  
tints u - nite (shi - - ning thro' sor - row's stream, Sud - - d'ning thro'

*pp*

*cresc.* *rit.* *f*  
plea-sure's beam,) And form in hea-ven's sight One arch of peace!

*mf* *colla parte* *f*

*col Ped.*

# OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

7

## AIR. THE BROWN MAID.

*Con moto.* *mf*

VOICE. 1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it

PIANO. *p*

sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-our'd his re - lios are laid; Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the

*pp*

*rit.* tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head. But the

*colla parte* *p*

*cresc.* nightdew that falls, though in si - lence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the

*pp* *rit* *cresc.* *rit.*

tear that we shed, Though in se-cret it rolls, shall long keep his me-mory green in our souls.

*colla parte pp* *mf* *rit.*

*col Ped.*

# WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR. THE FOX'S SLEEP.

**Andante.**

**VOICE.**

1. When he, who a-dores thee, has  
2. With thee were th' dreams of my

**PIANO.**

*p*

left but the name Of his fault and his sor-rows be-hind, Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they  
ear-li-est love; Ev'-ry thought of my rea-son was thine; In my last hum-bles prayer to the

dark-en the fame Of a life that for thee was re-sig-n'd? Yes, weep, and howev-er my  
Spi-rit a-bove, Thy name shall be ming-led, with mine. Oh! blest are the lov-ers and

*cresc.*

foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef-face their decree: For—Hea-ven can wit-ness, tho'  
friends who shall live The days of thy glo-ry to see; But the next dearest blessing that

*f* *3*

guil-ty to them, I have been but too faith-ful to thee.  
Hea-ven can give Is the pride of thus dy-ing for thee.

*rit.*

*dim.* *rit.*

*mf*

# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

AIR. MOLLY MY TREASURE.

**Moderato assai.** *mp*

VOICE. The

PIANO. *pp*

harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So

sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is

oer, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato assai'. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction marked 'pp' and a voice entry marked 'mp' with the word 'The'. The subsequent systems contain the main vocal melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with various textures, including sustained chords and moving lines. Dynamic markings include 'pp', 'mp', 'f', and 'p', along with 'cresc.' (crescendo) markings. The score ends with a final piano chord marked 'p'.



feel that pulse no more. *p* No more to chiefs and

la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; *cresc.* The chord a-lone, that

breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. *cresc.* Thus free - dom now so

sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives *f* Is when some heart in -

dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives. *rall.*

# THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR. THE COULIN.

Andante quasi Larghetto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Tho' the

last glimpse of E - rin with sor - row I see, Yet wher -

ev - er thou art shall seem E - rin to me; In -

ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine

eyes make my cli - mate wher - ev - er we roam.

*p*  
To the gloom of some

de - sert or cold rock - - y shore, Where the eye of the

*3 poco più mosso*  
stran - ger can haunt us no more, I will fly with my

*p*

*cresc.*  
Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less rude than the

Ossia  
foes we leave frown - ing be - hind.

foes we leave frown - ing be - - hind.

*più lento p teneramente*

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as

*pp*

grace - ful it wreathes, And hang o'er thy soft harp, as

*più mosso*

wild - ly it breathes; Nor dread that the

*3 cresc.*

*col Ped.*

cold - heart - - ed Sax - on may tear One

chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

*f* *3* *rall.*

*colla parte*

# FLY NOT YET.

## AIR. PLANXTY KELLY.

Vivace assai.

PIANO.



*mf* *cresc.*

1. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When plea - sure, like the  
 2. Fly not yet, the fount that play'd In times of old thro'

*p*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a melody in 8/8 time, marked 'mf' and 'cresc.'. The piano accompaniment is in 8/8 time, marked 'p'. The lyrics are for two versions of the song.

mid - night flower That scorns, the eye of vul - gar light, Be -  
 Am - mon's shade, Tho' i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet,

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody, marked 'mf' and 'dim.'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'cresc.' and 'mf'. The lyrics continue.

gins to bloom for sons of night, and maids who love the  
 still like souls of mirth, be - gan to burn when night was

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p'. The lyrics continue.

moon.  
 near.

*f* *p*

'Twas And but to bless these  
 thus should wo - man's

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody, marked 'f' and 'p'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p'. The lyrics continue.

*cresc.*

hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at-  
heart and looks At noon be cold as win-ter brooks, Nor kin-dle till the

*cresc.*

trac-tions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.  
night, re-turn-ing, Brings their ge-nial hour for burn-ing.

Oh! stay,- Oh! stay- Joy so sel-dom weaves a chain Like  
Oh! stay,- Oh! stay- When did morn-ing ev-er break, And

*cresc.*

this to-night, that Oh! 'tis pain To break its links so  
find such beam-ing eyes a-wake As those that spar-kle

*p* *cresc.*

soon.  
here?

## O THINK NOT MY SPIRITS.

AIR. JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.

**Allegretto.** *mp*

VOICE. Oh!  
The

PIANO. *dim.*

1. think not my spir-its are al-ways as light, And as free from a pang as they  
2. thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows! If it were not with friend-ship and

seem to you now; Nor ex-pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re-  
love in-ter-twined; And I care not how soon I may sink to re-pose, When those

turn with to-mor-row to bright-en my brow. No, life is a waste of  
bles-sings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have loved the

wea-ri-some hours Which sel-dom the rose of en-joy-ment a-dorns; And the  
fond-est, the pur-est, Too of-ten have wept o'er the dream they be-lieved; And the

heart that is soon-est a - wake to the flow-ers, Is al-ways the first to be  
heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se - cu-rest Is hap-py in - deed, if 'twas

*f*  
touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap-py a-while, May we  
ne - ver deceived. But send round the bowl, while a re - lic of truth Is in

*p*  
nev-er meet worse, in our pil - grim-age here, Than the tear that en-joy-ment may  
man or in wo - man, this prayer shall be mine, That the sun-shine of love may il -

*rall.*  
gild with a smile, And the smile that com-pas - sion can turn to a tear.  
lu-mine our youth, And the moon-light of friend-ship con - sole our de-cline.  
*colla voce*

*p* *f*



# RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR. THE SUMMER IS COMING.

*Andante.*

VOICE. *f* Rich and rare were the

PIANO. *f* *p.* *mf*

gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore; But

*simile*

oh! her beau-ty was far be- yond Her spark- ling gems, or

*p* snow- white wand. But oh! her beau-ty was far be- yond Her

*p*

spark- ling gems, or snow- white wand.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The voice part is in a soprano or alto range. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include forte (f), piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p). There are also markings for 'simile' and 'f' at the end of the piece. The lyrics are: 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore; But oh! her beau-ty was far be- yond Her spark- ling gems, or snow- white wand. But oh! her beau-ty was far be- yond Her spark- ling gems, or snow- white wand.'

*p*  
 "La - - dy dost thou not fear to stray, So  
*p*

lone and love - - ly thro' this bleak way? Are E - - rin's sons so  
*mf*  
*cresc.*

good or so cold, As not to be tempt - ed by wo-man or  
*cresc.*

gold! Are E - - rin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be  
*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

tempt - ed by woman or gold!" "Sir  
*p*

*tranquillo*

knight! I feel not the least a - larm, No son of E - rin will

*cresc.*

of - fer me harm:. For though they love wo-man and gol - den store, Sir

*cresc.*

knight! they love ho - nour and vir - tue more. For though they love

3

wo - man and gol - - den store, Sir knight! they love ho - nour and

vir - - tue more!"

*pp*

*mp*

On she

went, and her mai - den smile In safe - ty light - ed her

round the Green Isle; and blest for e - ver is

she who re - lied up-on E - - rin's ho - nour and E - - rin's

pride. And blest for e - ver is she who re - lied up-on

E - - rin's ho - nour and E - - rin's pride.

## As a beam o'er the face of the waters.

## AIR. THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

*Andante.*

VOICE. *mf*

1. As a beam o'er the  
2. One fa - tal re -

PIANO. *mf* *dim.* *p*

face of the wa - ters may glow While the tide runs in  
mem - brance, one sor - row that throws Its bleak shade a -

dark - ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be  
like o'er our joys and our woes, To which life no - thing

tinged with a warm sun - ny smile, Tho' the cold heart to  
dar - ker or - brigh - ter can bring, For which joy has no

*cresc.*

*dim.*

ru - in runs dark - ly the while.  
balm and af - fliction no sting:

*p*

3. Oh! this thought in the midst of en - joy-ment will

*pp* *cresc.*

stay, Like a dead, leaf - less branch in the sum - mer's bright ray; The

*cresc.* *mf*

beams of the warm sun play round it in vain, It may

*rall.* *p* *dim.* *colla parte* *pp*

smile in his light, but it blooms not a - gain.

# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AIR. THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.

Andante tranquillo.

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *pp* *p*

1. There is  
2. Yet it  
3. 'Twas that

not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that  
was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her—  
friends. the be - loved of my bo - som, were near, Who—

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the  
pu - rest of cry - stal and bright - est of green; 'Twas  
made ev' - ry scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who

*cresc.*

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the  
 not her soft ma - gic of stream - let and rill, Oh!—  
 felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove When we

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the  
 no— it was some - thing more ex - quisite still, Oh!—  
 see then re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

*dim.*  
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.  
 no— it was some - thing more ex - quisite still.  
 see then re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

*p*



# HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR. THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

Adagio.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. How  
2. And

dear to me the hour when day - - light dies, And  
as I watch the line of - - light, - - that plays A

sun - beams melt a - long the - si - lent - sea, For -  
long the smooth wave t'ward the - burn - ing - west, I -

*p*

then sweet dreams of oth - er — days — a - rise, And mem' - ry breathes her ves - per .  
long to tread that gold - en — path — of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright

sigh — to thee. For — then sweet dreams of oth - er —  
isle — of rest. I — long to tread that gold - en —

days — a - rise, And mem' - ry breathes her ves - per sigh — to  
path — of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle — of

thee.  
rest.

# TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

**Allegretto.**

**VOICE.**

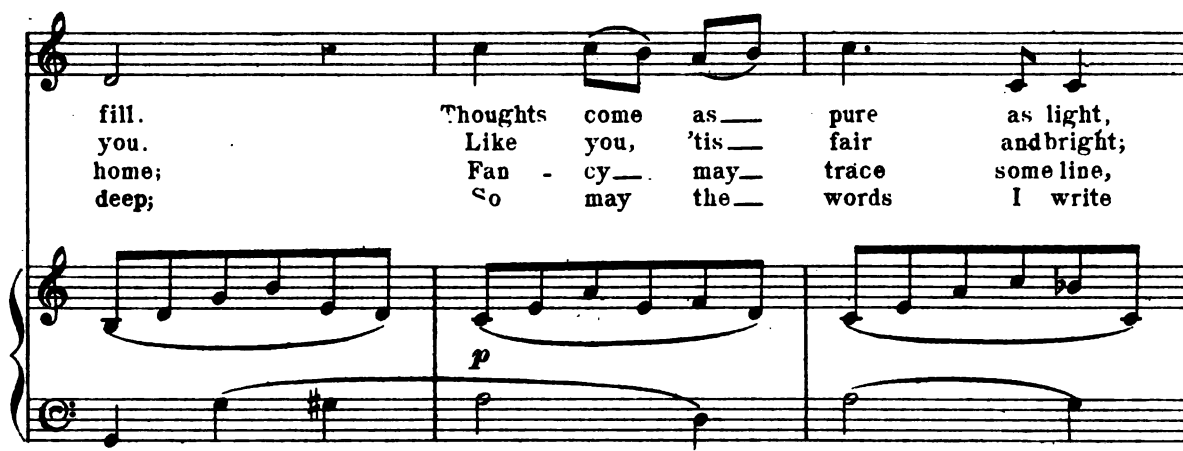
**PIANO.**

*mf*

1. Take back the  
2. Yet let me  
3. Hap - ly, when  
4. And as, o'er

vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;  
keep the book; Oft shall my heart re - new,  
from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam,  
o - cean fair, Sea - men their re - cords keep,

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must  
When on its leaves I look, Dear thoughts of  
Should calm - er thoughts a - rise Towards you and  
Led by some hid - den star Through the cold



fill. Thoughts come as— pure as light,  
 you. Like you, 'tis— fair and bright;  
 home; Fan - cy— may— trace some line,  
 deep; So may the— words I write

*p*



Pure as ev'n you require; But, oh! each word I write  
 Like you, too bright and fair To let wild pas - sion write  
 Wor - thy those eyes to meet, Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Tell thro' what storms I stray— You still the un - seen light,



Love turns to fire.  
 One wrong wish there.  
 Pure, calm and sweet.  
 Guid - ing, my way.

# THE LEGACY.

## AIR. THE BARD'S LEGACY.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *p*

1. When in death I shall
2. When the light of my
3. Keep this cup, which is

calm recline, — O bear my heart to my mis - tress dear;  
 song is o'er, — Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;  
 now o'er - flowing. To grace your re - vel, when I'm at rest;

*cresc.*

Tell her it lived up - on smiles and wine Of the bright - est hue, while it  
 Hang it up at that friend - ly door, Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers  
 Ne - ver, oh! ne - ver its balm be - stowing On lips that beau - ty hath

*f* *p*

lin - ger'd here. Bid her not shed one tear of sor-row To  
 love to call. Then if somebard, who roams for - sa - ken, Re -  
 sel - dom bless'd. But when some warm de - vo - ted lov - er To

sul - ly a heart so brilliant and light; But bal - my drops of the  
 vive its soft note in passing a - long, Oh! let onethought of its  
 'her he adores shall bathe its brim, Then, then my spi - rit a -

red grape bor-row. To bathe the relic from morn to night.  
 mas - ter wa - ken Your warm - est smile for the child of song.  
 round shall ho - ver, And hal-low each drop that foams for him.

# HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

AIR. THE DEAR BLACK MAID.

*Larghetto.*

VOICE. *mf*

1. How oft has the  
2. We're fallen upon

PIANO. *mf*

Benshee cried! How oft has death untied Bright links that  
gloomy days, Star after star decays, For ev'ry bright

*cresc.*

Glo-ry wove, Sweet bonds en-twined by Love! Peace to each  
name that shed Light o'er the land is fled. Dark falls the

*dim.* *colla voce* *rall.* *p.*

man-ly soul that sleepeth; Rest to each faith-ful eye that weepeth;  
tear of him who mourneth Lost joy, or hope that ne'er re-turneth;

*cresc.* *dim.*

Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the he-ro's grave.  
But bright-ly flows the tear, Wept o'er a he-ro's bier.

*p.* *mf*

*mf*  
8. Oh! Quench'd are our

*cresc.* *accel.* *f* *f*

*Più mosso.*

beacon lights — Thou, of the — hun - dred fights! Thou,

*p*

Thou, on whose burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, — and free - dom — hung!

*Tempo I.*

Both mute — but — long as Valour shineth, Or — Mer - cy's soul at war re-pineth,

*p*

*cresc.* *rall.*

So long shall E - rin's pride Tell how — they lived and died!

*cresc.* *cresc.*



## WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR. GARRYOWEN.

Allegro assai.

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *mf*

1. We may  
2. In  
8. In

roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet and then  
England, the gar - den of Beau - ty is kept By a dragon of pru - de - ry  
France, when the heart of a wo - manset sail On the ocean of wedlock its

flies to therest; And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may  
placed within call; But so oft this un - a - mia - ble drag - on has slept, That the  
for - tune to try, Love seldom goes far in a ves - sel so frail, But just

order our wings, and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile, Are the  
garden's but care - lessly watch'd after all. Oh! they want the wild sweet brie - ry fence, Which  
pilots her off, and then bids her goodbye. While the daughters of E - rin keep the boy E - ver

*cresc*

*poco cresc.*

dear - est gifts that heav'n supplies, We never need leave our own green isle, For round the flow'rs of E - rindwells; Which warms the touch, while winning the sense, Nor smiling beside his faith - ful oar, Through billows of woe, and beams of joy, The

sensitive hearts, and for sunbright eyes. Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this charms us least, when it most repels. Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this same as he look'd when he left the shore. Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world, whether eastward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear world, whether eastward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear world, whether eastward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear

womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home. womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home. womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home.

womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home. womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home. womangoes round, Oh! re - member the smile which adorns her at home.

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR. THE LITTLE RED FOX.

*Alla marcia.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line, while the piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/style is marked 'Alla marcia.' The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

Let E - rin re-mem - ber the days of old, Ere her  
 faith - less sons be - trayed her; When Ma - la-chi wore the—  
 col - lar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - va - der, When her  
 kings, with standards of green un - furl'd Let the Red-Branch - Knights to

dan - - ger; Ere the em'rald gem of the western world Was

set\_ in the crown of a stran - ger.

On

Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

clin - - - ing, He sees the round towers of \_

*poco cresc.*

o - ther days In the wave - be - neath him shin - - ing; Thus shall

mem - ry oft - en in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are

o - - ver; Thus, sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of time For the

long faded glo - ries they co - ver.

*din.*

# THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

89

(AIR. ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.)

*Larghetto con moto.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff, and the piano part is in two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto con moto.' The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano accompaniment features flowing sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and more rhythmic, block-like chords in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (p), crescendo (cresc.), and mezzo-forte (mf).

Si - lent, oh Moyle, be the  
 roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breezes, your  
 chain of repose; While, mur - muring mournful - ly, Lir's lonely daughter  
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

death - note singing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd?

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spirit from this

stor - my world?

*cresc.*

Sad - ly, Oh Moyle, to thy

*dim.*

*p*

win - ter - wave weeping, Fate bids melanguish long a - ges away, Yet

*pp*

*dim.*

still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,

Still doth the pure - light its dawn ing delay.

*cresc.* When will that day - star mild - ly springing, Warm our isle with

*cresc.*

peace and love? When will Heav'n, its

*rall.* sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit to the fields a bove?

*rall.*



# COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

(AIR. WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.)

Allegro.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Come,  
2. Shall I

send round the wine and leave points of be - lief To  
ask the brave sol - dier, who fights by my side In the

sim - ple - ton sa - ges, and reas' - ning fools; This  
cause of man - kind, if our creeds a - gree? Shall I

mo - ment's a flower too fair and too brief, To be  
give up the friend I have va - lued and tried, If he

wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools. Your  
kneel not be - fore the same al - tar with me? From the

glass may be pur - ple, and mine may be blue, But  
he - re - tic girl of my soul should I fly, To—

*cresc.*  
while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl, The  
seek somewhere else a more or - tho - dox kiss. No:

fool who would quarrel for diff' - rence of hue, De -  
pe - rish the hearts, and the laws that try Truth,

serves not the com - fort they shed o'er the soul.  
va - lour, or love, by a stan - dard like this!

# SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

(AIR. THE BLACK JOKE.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE.

1. Sub -
2. If the
3. Ye
4. God

PIANO.

lime was the warning that Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the moment when  
fame of our fathers be-queathed with their rights, Give to coun - try its charm, and to  
Blakes and O' Donnels, whose fa - thers resign'd The green hills of their youth among,  
prosper the cause! oh, it can not but thrive, While the pulse of one pa - tri - ot

Spaniards a - woke In - to life and revenge from the con - quer - or's chain.  
home its delights, If de - ceit be a wound, and sus - pi - cion a stain,  
strangers to find That re - pose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,  
heart is a - live, Its de - vo - tion to feel and its rights to maintain.

Oh, Li - ber - ty! let not this spi - rit have rest, Till it  
Then, ye men of I - be - ria, our cause is the same, And  
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light, May be  
Then, how saint - ed by sor - row its martyrs will die! The

move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west, Give the light of your look to each  
oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would ask for a no-bler, a  
felt yet in E - rin, as calm and as bright, And for - give e ven Al - bion while  
fin - ger of Glo - ry shall point where they lie, While far from the foot - step of

sor - rowing spot, Nor, oh, be the Sham-rock of E - rin for - got, While you  
ho - li - er death, Than to turn his last sigh in - to vic - to - ry's breath, For the  
blush - ing she draws Like a tru - ant, her sword in the long slighted cause Of the  
co - ward or slave, The young spi - rit of Free - dom shall shelt - er their grave Beneath

add to your gar - land the O - live of Spain!  
Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!  
Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!  
Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!

## ERIN, OH ERIN.

(AIR—I AM ASLEEP AND DON'T WAKEN ME.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kil-  
 2. The na - tions have fall'n, and

dare's ho - ly fane, And burn'd thro' long  
 thou art still young; Thy sun is but

ag - es of dark - ness and storm, Is the  
 ri - sing, when oth - ers are set; And tho'

heart that sor - rows have frown'd on in  
slav' - ry's cloud o'er thy mor - ning hath

*cresc.*

vain, Whose spi - rit out - lives them, un -  
hung, The full moon of free - dom shall

fad - ing and warm. Oh E - rin, oh E - rin, thus  
beam round thee yet. Oh E - rin, oh E - rin, tho'

*pp*

bright thro' the tears Of a long night of  
long in the shade, Thy star will shine

bond-age, thy spi - rit ap - pears.  
out when the proudest shall fade.

*p*

8. Un - - chill'd by the rain, and un -

waked by the wind, The li - ly lies

sleep ing thro win - ters cold hour, Till

Spring's light touch her fet - ters un -

*mf*  
bind, — And day - light and li - ber - ty —

bless the young flower. Thus — E - rin, oh —

*rall.*  
E - rin, thy win - ter is — past, And the hope that lived

*colla voce*

thro' it — shall blos - som at last.



# DRINK TO HER.

(AIR. HEIGHO! MY JACKY.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

2. At

1. Drink to her who long Hath waked the po-et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What  
 Beau-ty's door of glass When Wealth and Wit once stood, They ask'd her, which might pass? She

gold could nev-er buy. Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel hands a-lone; By  
 ans-wer'd, "he who could." With gol-den key Wealth thought To pass-but't would not do: While

o-ther fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her who long Hath  
 Wit a diamond brought, Which cut his bright way thro'. So here's to her who long Hath

waked the po-et's sigh, The girl who gave to song What gold could nev-er buy.  
 waked the po-et's sigh, The girl who gave to song What gold could nev-er buy.

*p poco più lento*

8. The love that seeks a home Where

*p colla voce*

*rit. a tempo*

wealth and grandeur shines, Is like the gloomy gnome, That dwells in dark gold mines. But

*rit. a tempo*

oh! the po-ets' love Can boast a brighter sphere; Its na-tive home's a-bove, Tho'

*f p f p f p stacc.*

wo-man keeps it here. Then drink to her who long Hath waked the po-ets' sigh, The

*p f p f*

girl, who gave to song What gold could nev-er buy.

*p f*

## OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

(AIR. KITTY TYRREL.)

Andante con moto.

VOICE. *mp*

1. Oh!  
2. But a -  
3. Then

PIANO. *mp* *p*

blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers, Where Plea-sure lies,  
las for his coun-try! Her pride has gone by, And that spi-rit is  
blame not the bard, if in plea-sure's soft dream, He should try to for-

care-less-ly smil-ing at Fame, He was born for much more, and in  
bro-ken, which nev-er would bend; O'er the ru-in her child-ren in  
get, what he nev-er can heal; Oh! give but a hope—let a

*cresc.*

hap-pier hours His soul might have burn'd with a ho-li-er  
secret must sigh, For 'tis trea-son to love her, and death to de-  
vista but gleam Thro' the gloom of his coun-try, and mark how he'll

*mf*

flame. The string, that now lan - guish-es. loose o'er the  
 fend. Un - prized are her sons, till they've learned to be -  
 feel! That in - stant, his heart at her shrine would lay

*mf*

lyre, Might have bent a proud bow to the war - - - rior's  
 tray; Un - dis - tin - guish'd they live, if they shame not their  
 down Ev' - ry pas - sion it nursed, ev' - ry bliss it a -

*p*

dart; And the lip, which now breathes but the song of de -  
 sires; And the torch, that would light them thro' dig - - ni - ty's  
 dored; While the myr - tle, now id - ly en - - twined with his

*p* *mf*

sire, Might have pour'd the full tide of a pa - triot's heart.  
 way, Must be caught from the pile where their country ex - pires.  
 crown, Like the wreath of Har - - mo - dius, should cover his sword.

*pp più lento*

4. But tho' glo - ry be

*pp colla parte*

*mf a tempo*

gone, and tho' hope fade a - - way, Thy name, lo - ved E - rin, shall

*mf*

live in his songs; Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most

*dim.*

gay, Will he lose the re - mem-brance of thee and thy wrongs. The

*dim.* *mf*

stran - ger shall hear thy la - ment on his plains; The

*arpeggiando*

sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep, Till thy

mas - ters them - selves, as they riv - et thy chains, Shall

*f* *p colla parte* *rall.*

*molto e dim.* *p*

pause at the song of their — cap - tive, and weep! —

*molto*

# WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

(AIR. OONAGH.)

*Allegretto piacevole.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mo - ment from her  
 2. The day had sunk in dim showers, But mid - night now, with

smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that more bright, In lone and dis - tant  
 lus - tre meek, Il - lumined all the pale flowers, Like hope up - on a

glo - - ry burn'd. But, too far Each proud star, For me to feel its  
 mour - ner's cheek. I said (while The moon's smile Play'd o'er the stream in

war - ming flame; Much more dear That mild sphere, Which near our pla net  
dim - ling bliss,) The moon looks On man - y brooks, The brook can see no

smil - ing came; Thus, Ma - ry, be but thou my own; While bright - er eyes un -  
moon but this; And thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For many a lov - er

heed - ed play. I'll love those moon - light looks a - lone, That bless my home and  
looks to thee, While oh! I feel there is but one, One Ma - ry in the

guide my way.  
world for me.



# ILL OMENS.

(AIR. KITTY OF COLERAINE.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. When day-light was yet sleep-ing un-der the bil-low, And  
 2. As she look'd in the glass, which a wo-man ne'er mis-ses, Nor  
 3. While she stole thro' the gar-den, where heart's ease was grow-ing, She

*p*

stars in the heavens still lin-ger-ing shone, Young Kit-ty, all blush-ing, rose  
 ev-er want-time for a sly glance or two, A but-ter-fly, fresh from the  
 cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fal-len dew; And a rose further on look'd so

up from her pil-low, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lone. For the  
 night flower's kis-ses, Flew ov-er the mir-ror and sha-ded her view. En-  
 tempting and glowing, That, spite of her haste, she must ga-ther it too: But

*cresc.*

youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in, Had promised to link the last  
 raged with the in-sect for hid - ing her gra-ces, She brush'd him, he fell, a - las!  
 while o'er the ro-ses too care-less-ly lean-ing, Her zone flew in two and the

*cresc.*

*p*

tie be-fore noon; And when once the young heart of a mai-den is sto-len, The  
 ne - ver to rise; "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our fa-ces, For  
 heart's-ease was lost: "Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning) That

*p* *mf*

mai - den her-self will steal af - ter it soon.  
 which the soul's in - no-ence too of - ten dies,"  
 love is scarce worth the re - pose it will cost!"

*p* *cresc.*

*f* *p* *f*

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(AIR. THE FAIRY QUEEN.)

Lento solenne.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. By the hope with-in us spring-ing, He-rald of to-mor-row's strife;  
 2. O'er his watch-fire's fad-ing em-bers Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,

By that sun, whose light is bring-ing Chains or freedom, death or  
 When his heart that field re-mem-bers, Where we tamed his ty-rant

life— Oh! rem-em-ber, life can be No charm for him, who  
 might! Ne-ver let him bind a-gain A chain, like that we

lives not free! Like the day-star in—the wave, Sinks a he-ro in his grave, Midst the  
 broke from then. Hark! the horn of com-bat calls— Ere the gol-denevening falls, May we

dew - fall of a na - tion's tears.  
pledge that horn in tri - umphround!

*mf*  
Hap - py is he, o'er whose dec - line The smiles of home may  
Ma - ny a heart that now beats high, In slum - ber cold at

*p*

sooth - ingshine, And light him down the steep of years:  
night shall lie, Nor wa - ken e'en at vic - t'ry's sound:

*dim.*

*p*  
But oh! how bless'd, but oh, how bless'd they  
But oh! how bless'd, but oh, how bless'd that

*p*  
sink to rest, Who close their eyes on vic - t'ry's breast!  
he - ro's sleep, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

# AFTER THE BATTLE.

(AIR. THY FAIR BOSOM.)

*Allegretto marziale.*

VOICE.

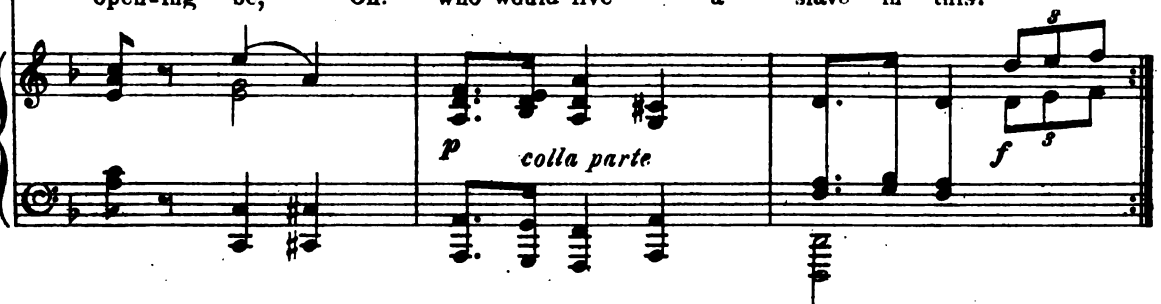
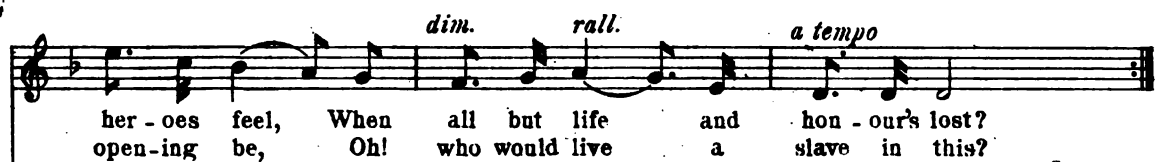
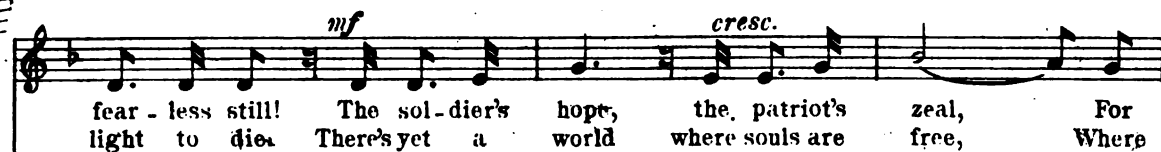
PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line, while the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto marziale'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into three systems, each with voice and piano staves. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

1. Night closed a - round the  
2. The last sad hour of

con-queror's way, And light-nings show'd the dis-tant hill, Where  
free-dom's dream, And va-lour's task, moved slow-ly by, While

those who lost that dread-ful day Stood few and faint, but  
mute they watch'd, till mor-ning's beam Should rise and give them



## 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

(AIR. THADY, YOU GANDER.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

1. Oh! 'tis  
2. 'Twere a

sweet to think, that, where - e'er we rove, We are sure to find some - thing  
shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest, if the

bliss - ful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have  
rose is - n't there; And the world's so rich in re - splen - dent eyes, 'Twere a

but to make love to the lips we are near. The heart, like a ten - drill, ac -  
pi - ty to li - mit one's love to a pair. Love's wing and the pea - cock's are

cus - tom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, can - not flou - rish a - lone, But will  
near - ly a - like, They are both of them bright, but they're changea - ble too, And where -

lean to the near-est and love-li-est thing It can twine with it - self, and make  
ev - er a new beam of beau - ty can strike, It will tinc - ture Love's plume with a

close - ly its own. Then oh! what plea - sure, where - e'er we rove, To be  
dif - fe - rent hue. Then oh! what plea - sure, where - e'er we rove, To be

sure to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the  
sure to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We've but to make love to the lips that are near.  
lips we love, We've but to make love to the lips that are near.



# THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.\*

(AIR. I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE.)


*Lento assai.*

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

*mf*

1. Thro' grief and thro' dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my  
2. Thy ri - val was hon - our'd, while thou wert wrong'd and  
3. They slan - der thee sore - ly, who say thy vows are




way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me  
scorn'd, Thy crown was of bri - ers, while gold her brows a -  
frail - Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less



*p*

lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love  
dorn'd; She wou'd me to tem - ples, whilst thou lay'st hid in  
pale. They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling' - ring



\* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was  
caves, Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were  
chains, That deep in thy heart they have prin - ted their ser - vile

turn'd; Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spi - rit felt  
slaves; Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet; I would ra - - ther  
stains — Oh! foul is the slan - der, - no chain could that soul sub -

free. And bless'd e'en the sor - rows that made me more dear to  
be, Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from  
due — Where shin - eth thy spi - rit, there li - ber - ty shin - eth

thee.  
thee.  
too!

# ON MUSIC.

(AIR. THE BANKS OF BANNA.)

*Andante.*

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

*p*

1. When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,  
 2. Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri - en - tal flowers,



*p*

Should some notes we used to love, In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,  
 Is the grateful breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours;



*poco cresc.*

Oh! how wel - come breathes the strain! Wake - ning thoughts that long have slept;  
 Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on, Tho' the flowers have sunk in death;



*cresc.*

*mf* Kin - dling for - mer smiles a - gain In fa - ded eyes that long have wept.  
So, when plea - sure's dream is gone, Its mem' - ry lives in Mu - sic's breath.

*p*

*p* *mf* 8. Mu - sic, oh how faint, how weak, Language fades be -

*p* *piu p* *pp* *mf*

fore thy spell! Why should Feel - ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her

soul so well? Friendship's balm - y words may feign, Love's are ev'n more

*p* *pp*

false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray.

*f* *mf* *rit.* *f*

*f* *mf* *rit.* *f*

# IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

(AIR. THE SIXPENCE.)

**Andante.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

1. It  
2. Thus his

is not the tear, at this mo - ment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid  
me - mo - ry, like some ho - ly light, Kept a - live in our hearts, will im -

o'er him, That can tell how be - loved was the friend that's fled, Or how  
prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we

*cresc.*

deep in our hearts we de - plore him. 'Tis the tear, thro' ma - ny a  
think how he lived but to love them. And as fresh - er flow - ers the

*poco cresc.*

long day wept, 'Tis life's whole path o'er-sha - - ded; 'Tis the  
sod per - fume Where bu - ried saints are ly - - ing, So our

*p*

one re-mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all high - er griefs have  
hearts shall bor - row a sweet'-ning bloom From the i - mage he left there in

fa - - ded.  
dy - - ing!

*pp*

# THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

(AIR. GAGE FANE.)

VOICE. *Con moto.* *mf*

1. 'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp, which I  
2. Still her bo - som rose fair - still her

PIANO. *p arpeggiando*

*cresc.*

wake now for thee, Was a Sy - ren of old, who sung  
cheeks smiled the same - While her sea - beau - ties grace - ful - ly

*cresc.*

un - der the sea; And who of - ten, at eve, thro' the  
form'd the light frame; And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her

*p*

bright wa - ters roved, To meet, on the green shore, a  
white arm it fell; Was changed to bright chords, ut - ring

*dim.* *p*

youth whom she loved.  
me - lo - dy's spell.

2. But she loved him in  
4. Hence it came, that this

vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears, all the  
soft Harp so long hath been known To min - gle love's

night, her gold tress - es to steep; Till heav'n look'd with pi - ty on  
language with sor - row's sad tone; Till thou didst di - vide them, and

true love so warm, And changed to this soft Harp the  
teach the fond lay To speak love when I'm near thee, and

sea - mai - den's form.  
grief when a - way.



# LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(AIR. THE OLD WOMAN.)

*Allegro assai.*

VOICE.

*mf*

1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the
3. No, that

PIANO.

*mf*

*dim.*

days are gone, when Beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my  
bard to pu - rer fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he  
hal - low'd form is ne'er for-got Which first love traced; Still it

*p*

*cresc.*

dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love. New  
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll  
ling' - ring haunts the green - est spot On mem' - ry's waste. 'Twas

hope may bloom, And days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's  
ne - ver meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when  
o - dour fled As soon as shed; 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed dream: 'Twas a

*cresc.*

no - thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream: No, there's  
first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt flame, And at  
light, that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream; Oh! 'twas

no - thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
ev' - ry close, she blush'd to hear The one loved name.  
light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

*p* *f*

no - thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
ev' - ry close, she blush'd to hear The one loved name.  
light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

*dim.* *p*

## THE PRINCE'S DAY.

(AIR. ST PATRICK'S DAY.)

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

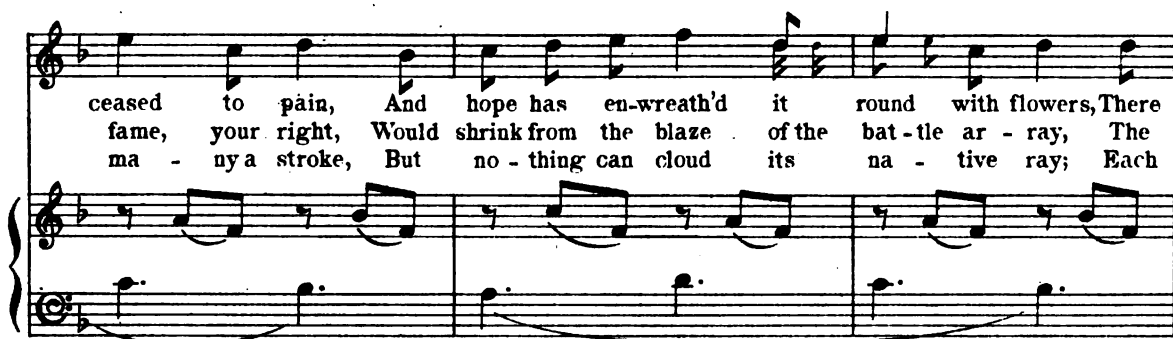
*mf*

1. Tho'
2. Con -
3. He


dark are our sor-rows, to - day we'll for-get them, And smile thro' our tears, like a  
tempt on the min-ion, who calls you dis-loy-al! Tho' fierce to your foe, to your  
loves the Green Isle, and his love is re-cord-ed In hearts, which have suf-fered too

sun-beam in showers; There, ne-ver were hearts, if our ru-lers would let them, More  
friends you are true; The tri-bute most high to a head that is roy-al Is  
much to for-get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at-tach-ment re-ward-ed, And

*cresc.*  
form'd to be grate-ful and blest than ours. But just when the chain Has  
love from a heart that loves li-ber-ty too. While cow-ards, who blight Your  
E-rin's gay ju-bi-lee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By

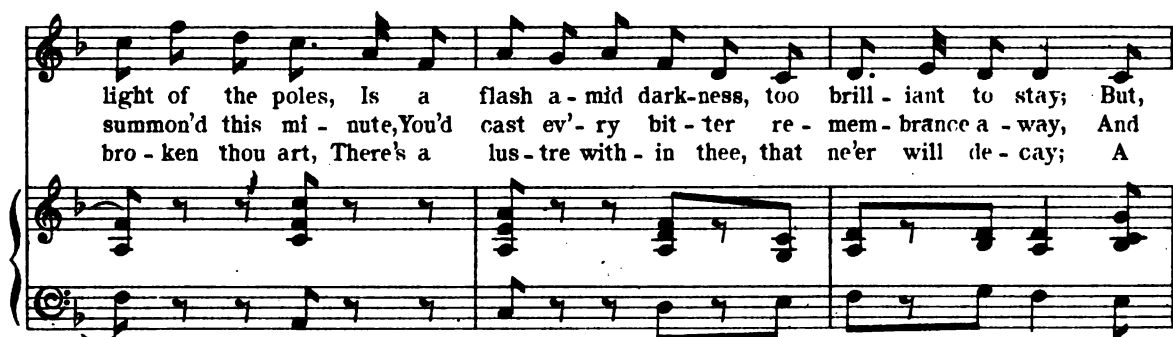


ceased to pain, And hope has en-wreath'd it round with flowers, There  
fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the bat-tle ar-ray, The  
ma-ny a stroke, But no-thing can cloud its na-tive ray; Each

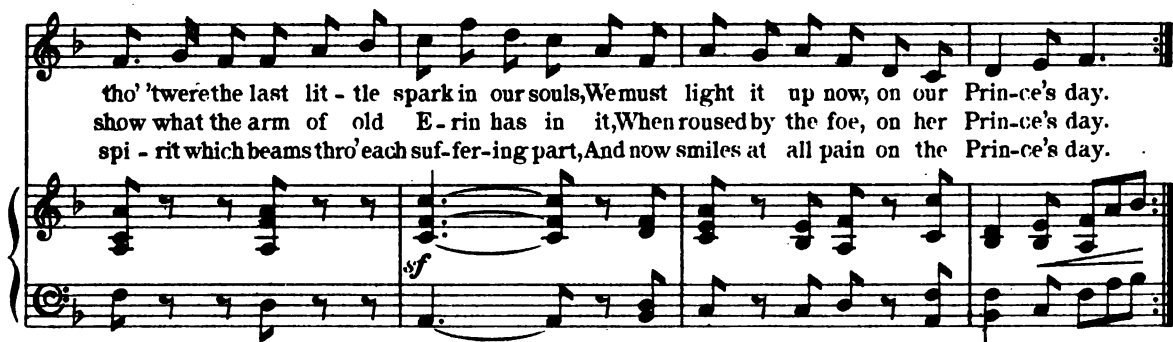


*rall.* *a tempo*  
comes a new link Our spi-rits to sink— Oh! the joy that we taste, like the  
stan-dard of Green In front would be seen,— Oh, my life on your faith! were you  
fragment will cast A light to the last,— And thus, E-rin, my coun-try, tho'

*colla parte* *f*



light of the poles, Is a flash a-mid dark-ness, too brill-iant to stay; But,  
summon'd this mi-nute, You'd cast ev'-ry bit-ter re-mem-brance a-way, And  
bro-ken thou art, There's a lus-tre with-in thee, that ne'er will de-cay; A



tho' 'twere the last lit-tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin-ce's day.  
show what the arm of old E-rin has in it, When roused by the foe, on her Prin-ce's day.  
spi-rit which beams thro' each suf-fer-ing part, And now smiles at all pain on the Prin-ce's day.



# WEEP ON. WEEP ON.

(AIR. THE SONG OF SORROW.)

**VOICE.** *Lento.*

1. Weep  
2. Weep  
3. 'Twas

**PIANO.** *p*

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a whole note rest, followed by a double bar line and then a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a double bar line, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are  
on — per — haps in af — ter days, They'll learn to love your  
fate," they'll say, "a way — ward fate Your web of dis — cord

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

o'er; The fa — — tal chain is round you cast, And  
name; When ma — ny a deed may wake in praise That  
wove; And while your ty — rants join'd in hate, You

*mf*

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

you are men no more. In vain the he - ro's  
 long hath slept in blame. And when they tread the  
 ne - ver join'd in love. But hearts fell off, that

*cresc.*

heart hath bled; The sa - ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain! Oh,  
 ru - in'd Isle, Where rest, at length, the lord and slave, They'll  
 ought to twine, And man pro - faned what God had giv'n; Till

free - dom! once thy flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a -  
 wond' - ring ask, how hands so vile Could con - quer hearts so  
 some were heard to curse the shrine, Where o - thers knelt to

gain.  
 brave.  
 heav'n!"

*rall.*

# LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

(AIR. NORA CREINA.)

Allegro.

VOICE.

*mf*

1. Les - bia hath a
2. Les - bia wears a
8. Les - bia hath a

PIANO.

*cresc.*

Few its looks, but ev' - ry one. Like un - ex - pec - ted light, sur - pri - ses!  
 Leav - ing ev' - ry, beau - ty free To sink or swell as Hea - ven plea - ses.  
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crumpling of the ro - ses.

*cresc.*

*f*

*p*

O my No - ra Crei - na dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na,  
 Yes, my No - ra Crei - na dear, My sim - ple grace - ful No - ra Crei - na,  
 O my No - ra Crei - na dear, My mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na,

*cresc.*

Beau - ty lies In ma - ny eyes, But love in yours, my  
 Na - ture's dress Is love - li - ness. The dress you wear, my  
 Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light, As warms your eyes, my

*cresc.*

*f*

No - ra Crei - na.  
 No - ra Crei - na.  
 No - ra Crei - na.

*f*

\* Note. The final Symphony of Beethoven's arrangement of this air is practically identical with the Finale of his Symphony in A. No 7. O.V.S.



# I SAW THY FORM.

(AIR. DONNEL O'GREADH.)

Lento.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I saw thy form in youth - ful prime, Nor  
 2. As streams that run o'er gól - den mines, Yet  
 3. If souls could al - ways dwell a - bove, Thou

thought that pale de - cay ——— Would steal be - fore the  
 hum - bly, calm - ly glide, ——— Nor seem to know the  
 ne'er hadst left that sphere; ——— Or could we keep the

steps of Time, And waste its bloom a - way, Ma - ry!  
 wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, Ma - ry!  
 souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, Ma - ry!

*mf*  
 Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light, Which fleets not with the  
 So, veild be - neath the sim - plest guise, Thy ra - -diant ge - -nius  
 Tho' many a gif - ted mind we meet, Tho' fair - -est forms we

*poco cresc.*

breath; And life ne'er look'd more tru - ly bright Than  
 shone, And that which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd  
 see, To live with them is far less sweet, Than

*pp*

in thy smile of death, Ma - ry!  
 worth - less in thine own, Ma - ry!  
 to re - mem - ber thee, Ma - ry!

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(AIR. OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO. *mf*

*mf*

1. She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And  
 2. She sings the wild songs of her dear na-tive plains, Ev'ry  
 3. He had lived for his love, for his coun-try he died, They were

*p*

lovers are round her, sigh-ing; But cold-ly she turns from their  
 note which he loved a-wak-ing; Ah! lit-tle they think, who de-  
 all that to life had en-twined him; Nor soon shall the tears of his

*rall.*

gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly-ing.  
 light in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is break-ing.  
 country be dried, Nor long will his love stay be-hind him.

*rall.*

*Più lento.*

4. Oh! make her a gravewhere the

*cresc.*

sun - beams rest, When they pro - mise a glo - rious mor - - row; They'll

*cresc.*

*dim.* *rall.*

shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her

*dim.* *rall.* *p*

own loved is - land of sor - - - row.

# NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

(AIR. DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE.

1. Nay,  
2. They.

PIANO.

tell me not, dear, that the go-blet drowns One charm of feeling, one fond regret; Be-  
tell us that Love, in his fai - ry bower, Had two blush-ro-ses, of birth divine; He

lieve me, a few of thy an-gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.  
sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower, But bath'd the o - ther with man - tling wine.

Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That e - ver was shed from thy  
Soon did the buds That drank of the floods, Di - still'd by the rain - bow, de -

form or soul; The spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still  
cline and fade; While those which the tide Of ru - by had dyed All

*dim.* *p*

float on the sur - face, and hallow my bowl. Then fan - cy not, dearest, that  
blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, sweet maid! Then fan - cy not, dearest, that

*cresc.* *mf*

1-2. wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

founts that a - wa - ken the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

*p*

*accel.* *cresc.*

# AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

(AIR. CRUACHAN NA FEINE.)

*Allegro feroce.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. A  
2. By the

*cresc.*

*mf*

ven - ging and bright falls the swift sword of E - rin On him who the  
red cloud that hung o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - ing, When U - lad's three

brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd; For ev' - ry fond eye he hath wa - ken'd a  
champions lay sleeping in gore By the bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high

tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.  
swelling, Have waf - ted these he - roes to vic - to - ry's

shore. 3. We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tasted, The harp shall be

si-lent, the mai-den un - wed, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie

wasted, Till vengeance is wreak'd on the mur - de - rer's head.

*rit.* *a tempo*

*f* *colla parte* *stacc.*

4. Yes, mo-narch! tho' sweet are our home re-col - lec-tions, Tho' sweet are the

tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our af -

*mf*

fections, Re - venge on a ty-rant is sweet-est of all!

*f più lento* *f* *ff*



# WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

(AIR. THE YELLOW GARRON.)

*Allegretto.*

VOICE. *p*

(He.) 1. What the bee is  
(She.) 2. But. they say, the

PIANO. *mf* *f* *p*

to the flow' - ret, When he looks for ho - ney - dew,  
bee's a ro - ver, Who will fly when sweets are gone;

Thro' the leaves that close em - bower it, That, my love, I'll  
And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faith - less brooks will

be to you. *(She.)* What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing,  
 wan - der on. *(He.)* Nay, if flowers will lose their looks, If

Is to waves that wan - der near, Whisp' - ring kis - ses,  
 sun - ny banks will wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that

while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear. —  
 bees and brooks Should sip 'and kiss them while they may. —

*dim.*

# LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

(AIR. BLACK-HEADED DEARY.)

Allegretto.

VOICE. 


PIANO.  *p*

*p*

1. "Here we dwell in ho - li - est bowers, Where  
 2. Love stood near the No - vice and lis - ten'd, And  
 3. Love now warms thee, wak - ing and sleep - ing, Young



an - gels of light o'er our o - ri - sons bend; Where sighs of de - vo - tion and  
 Love is no no - vice in tak - ing a hint; His laugh - ing blue eyes soon with  
 No - vice, to him all thy o - ri - sons rise. He tin - ges the hea - ven - ly



breath-ings of flowers To hea-ven in min - gled o - dour as-cend.  
 pi - e - ty glis-ten'd; His ro - sy wing turn'd to hea-ven's own tint.  
 fount with his weep-ing, He brightens the cen - ser's flame with his sighs.

*mf*  
 Do not dis - turb our calm. O Love! So like is thy form to the  
 "Who would have thought" the ur - chin cries, "That Love could so well, so  
 Love is the saint en - shrined in thy breast, And an - gels themselves would ad -

*f*  
 che-rubs a - bove, It well might deceive such hearts as ours."  
 grave-ly dis-guise His wan - der - ing wings and wound - ing eyes?"  
 mit such a guest, If he came to them clothed in Pie - ty's vest.

# THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

(AIR. THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.)

Allegro assai. *mf*

VOICE. 1. This  
2. When

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes, That chase one a - no - ther like waves of the deep. Each  
Hy - las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play, Light

*p* *f*

brightly or dark - ly, as onward it flows, Re - flecting our eyes, as they spark - le or weep. So  
rambled the boy, o - ver meadow and mount, And ne - glect - ed his task for the flow'rs on the way. Thus

*p*

closely our whims on our mi - se - ri - est read, But the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried, And as  
ma - ny, like me, who in youth should have tas - ted The fountain that runs by Phi - lo - sophy's shrine. Their

*cresc.*

fast as the rain-drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose - plu - mage of Fol - ly can  
time with the flow'rs on the mar - gin have was - ted, And left their light turns all as

*cresc.*

turn it a - side. But pledge me the cup—if ex - - istance would cloy, With  
emp - ty as mine. But pledge me the go - blet; while Id - le - ness weaves These

*f*

hearts e - ver hap - py and heads e - ver wise, Be ours the light Sor - row, half  
flow' - rets to - ge - ther, should Wis - dom but see One bright drop or two that has

si - ster to Joy, And the light bril - liant Fol - ly that fla - shes and dies.  
fall'n on the leaves From her foun - tain di - vine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me.

*sf*

# AT THE MID' HOUR OF NIGHT.

(AIR. MOLLY, MY DEAR.)

*Quasi Adagio.*

VOICE. *p* At the mid hour of

PIANO. *mp*

night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we loved, when

*pp* life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spir-its can steal from the

*cresc.* *f.* regions of air, To re-vi-sit past scenes of de-light, Thou wilt come to me

*cresc.* *dim. colla parte*

*rall.* *p* there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd, even in the sky!

*p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Quasi Adagio'. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with the voice part starting on a whole note and the piano part providing accompaniment. The lyrics are 'At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spir-its can steal from the regions of air, To re-vi-sit past scenes of de-light, Thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd, even in the sky!'. The score includes various musical markings such as dynamics (*p*, *mp*, *pp*, *f*, *cresc.*, *dim. colla parte*), articulation (*rall.*), and phrasing slurs. The piano part features a variety of textures, including chords, arpeggios, and flowing lines.

Poco più mosso.

*mf*  
Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such

*cresc.* *mf*

*p*  
plea - sure to hear, When our voi - ces com - ming - ling breath'd, like

*p*

*p*  
one, on the ear; And as E - cho far off thro' the vale my sad

*pp*

*cresc.*  
o - ri - son rolls, — I — think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the

*cresc. rall.*

*Più lento.*  
King - dom of Souls, Faint - ly ans - wer - ing still the notes that once were so dear.

*pp*



# ONE BUMPER AT PARTING!

(AIR. MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.)


*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE. 


1. One  
2. As

PIANO. 

bum-per at part-ing! though ma-ny have circ-led the board since we met, The  
on-ward we jour-ney, how plea-sant To pause and in-ha-bit a-while Those



ful-lest, the sad-dest of a-ny Re-mains to be crowd'd by us yet. The  
few sun-ny spots, like the pre-sent, That 'mid the dull wil-der-ness smile! But



*p*

1. sweet-ness, that plea-sure hath in it Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That  
 2. Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Cries, "On-ward!" and spurs the gay hours. Ah,

sel-dom, a - las; till the mi - nute It dies, do we know half its worth. But  
 nev - er doth time tra - vel fas - ter, Than when his way lies a - mong flowr's But

come, may our life's hap - py mea - sure Be all of such mo - ments made up. They're  
 come, may our life's hap - py mea - sure Be all of such mo - ments made up. They're

born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.  
 born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

8. We saw how the sun look'd in sink-ing, The

wa - ters be-neath him how bright, And now let our fare-well of drink-ing Re -

sem - ble that fare-well of light. You saw how he fi - nish'd, by dart-ing His

beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim - So, fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In

full, li- quid glo - ry, like him. And oh! may our life's hap - py mea - sure Of

*Più lento.*

mo - ments like this be made up; 'Twas born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, It

*mf*

*colla parte*

*a tempo*

dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

*dim.*

*p*

*sf*

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(AIR. THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)

*Andante non troppo lento.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

'Tis the last rose of

summer Left bloom-ing a-lone; All her love-ly companions Are fa-ded and

gone; No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her

blushes, To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou

lone one To pine on the stem: Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with

*mf* them. Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the *p*

*cresc.*

garden Lie scentless and dead. So soon may I fol - low, When *p*

*cresc.* friend - ships de - cay, And from Love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - *cresc.*

*f* way. When true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond - ones are flown,

*rall.* Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone. *colla parte*

# THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

(AIR. THE DANDY O!)

*Allegretto con grazia.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p leggiero*

*mp*

1. The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The  
2. Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the

*cresc.*

glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How sweet to rove Through  
Sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And I, whose star, more

*cresc.*

*p*

Morn - a's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing love! Then a -  
glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then a -

wake! the heavens look bright, my dear, 'Tis ne - ver too late for de  
wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The Sa - ge's glass well

*poco rall.* *p a tempo*

light, my dear, And the best of all ways To length-en our days Is to  
shun, my dear Or, in watch-ing the flight Of bo dies of light, He might

*colla parte*

steal a few hours from the night, my dear.  
hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear.

*p.* *cresc.*

*p*



## THE MINSTREL BOY.

(AIR. THE MOREEN.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The

Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him: His

fath-er's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him.

*mf* "Land of song!" said the war-rior-bard, *poco rit.* "Though all the world be-trays thee, One *f**a tempo* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *rall.* One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!" *a tempo*

The

Min-strel fell! But the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The

harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And

said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy

songs were made for the brave and free, They shall never sound in sla - ve - ry!"

# THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

Prince of Breffni.

(AIR. THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

Andante Moderato.

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *p*

1. The  
2. I

val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I  
flew to her cham-ber, 'twas lone-ly As if the loved te-nant lay dead; Ah,

trembled, and something hung o'er me That sad-den' the joy of my mind. I  
would it were death, and death on-ly But no, the young false one had fled. And

*cresc.*

look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine when her pilgrim re-turn'd. But though  
there hung the lute that could soft-en My ve-ry worst pains in-to bliss, While the

*cresc.*

*dim.* *p*

dark-ness be-gan to en-fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd.  
hand that had waked it so oft-en Now throbb'd to a proud ri-val's kiss.

*dim.*

*f*

8. There was a time, fal-sest of wo-men, When  
4. Al - rea-dy, the curse is up-on her, And

*cresc.* *mf*

*cresc.* *f*

Breff-ni's good sword would have sought That man, through a mil-lion of foe-men, Who  
strangers her val-leys pro-fane; They come to di-vide, to dis-hon-our, And

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

dared but to wrong thee in thought! While now O de-ge-ne-rate daughter Of  
ty-rants they long will re-main. But on-ward the green ban-ner rear-ing, Go,

*ff*

E-rin, how fallen is thy fame! And through a-ges of bondage and slaughter, Our  
flesh eve-ry sword to the hilt; On our side is Vir-tue and E-rin, On

*rall.*

coun-try shall bleed for thy shame.  
theirs is the Sa-xon and guilt.

*colla parte* *ff*

# OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

(AIR. "SHEELA NA GUIRA.")

*Andante molto moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Oh! had we some bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a  
 2. There with souls ev - er ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should

blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a - lone, Where a leaf ne - ver  
 love, as they loved in the first gol - den time; The glow of the

dies in the still blooming bowers; And the bee ban - quets on through a  
 sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our hearts, and make

*cresc.*

whole year of flow'rs, Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a de-  
all sum-mer there. With af-fec-tion as free From de-cline as the

*cresc.*

lay, That the night on-ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where  
bow'rs, And with Hope, like the Bee, Liv-ing al-ways on flow'rs Our

*pp*

sim-ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, Is  
life should re-sem-ble a long day of light, And our

*rall.*

worth the best joy that life else-where can give.  
death come on ho-ly and calm as the night.

*colla parte*

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

(AIR. MOLL ROONE.)

*Andante.*

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *p*

1. Fare - -  
2. And  
3. Let

well! But when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a - wa - kens the night-song of  
still on that evening, when pleasure fills up To the high - est top spark - le each  
Fate do her worst, there are re - lies of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

*poco cresc.*

mirth in your bower, Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too, And for -  
heart and each cup, Where - e'er my path lies, be it gloo - my or bright, My  
can - not de - stroy; Which come in the night-time of sor - row and care, And

*poco cresc.*

got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a  
soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your re - vels, your  
bring back the fea - tures that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

*mf*

hope may re - main Of the few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain, But he  
sports, and your wiles And re - turn to me beaming all o'er with your smiles. Too  
me - mo - ries fill'd! Like the vase, in which ro - ses have once been di - still'd. You may

*p*

ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while  
blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd "I  
break, you may shat - ter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will

*mf*

ling - ring with you.  
wish he were here".  
hang round it still.



## OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

(AIR. YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

1. Oh!  
2. And

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the dynamic for the voice is 'mf'. The piano part has a dynamic of 'mf' and 'p' at various points. The lyrics are as follows:

doubt me not, the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And  
 though my lute no lon - ger May sing of Pas - sion's ar - dent spell, Yet,

now the ve - stal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - waked by Love. Al -  
 trust me, all the stron - ger I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

though this heart was ear - ly blown, And fai - rest hands dis - turb'd the tree, They  
 bee through ma - ny a gar - den roves, And hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But

*rit.* *mf*  
 on - ly shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept. for thee. Then  
 when he finds the flower he loves, He settles there and hums no more. Then

*colla parte* *mf*

*tempo*  
 doubt me not the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly made me rove, And  
 doubt me not the sea - son Is o'er when Fol - ly kept me free, And

now the ve - stal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - waked by Love.  
 now the ve - stal, Rea - son, Shall guard the flame a - waked by Love.

*rit.* *a tempo*  
*p* *pp*

# YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

(AIR. WERE I A CLERK.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. You re - mem - ber El - len, our ham - let's pride, How  
 2. They roam'd a long and a wea - ry way, Nor  
 3. "Now, wel - come, la - dy," ex - claim'd the youth, "This

meek - ly she bless'd her hum - ble lot When the stran - ger Willi - am, had  
 much was the mai - den's heart at ease, Where now, at close of one  
 cas - tle is thine, and these dark woods all!" She be - lieved him crazed, but his

made her his bride, And love was the light of their low - ly cot. To -  
stor - my day, They see a proud cas - tle a mong the trees. "To -  
words were truth. For El - len is La - dy of Ros - na Hall! And

*cresc.*  
geth - er they toild through winds and rains Till Wil - liam at length in  
night, said the youth, "we'll shel - ter there; The wind blows cold, the  
dear - ly the Lord of Ros - na loves What Wil - liam, the stran - ger,  
*cresc.*

*mf*  
sad - ness said, "We must seek our for - tune on oth - er plains; Then,  
hour is late; So he blew the horn with a chief - tain's air, And the  
wo'd and wed; And the light of bliss, in these lord - ly groves, Shines  
*mf*

sighing, she left her lone - ly shed.  
por - ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.  
pure as it did in the low - ly shed.

# I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

(AIR. THE ROSE TREE.)

**Allegretto.**

**VOICE.** *mp*

**PIANO.** *p*

1. I'd  
2. 'Tis  
3. And  
4. Thus

mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd  
not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis  
though the hope be gone, love, That long spark - led o'er our way, Oh!  
when the lamp that light - ed The tra - v'ler at first goes out, He

weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them un - true. But  
not in joy to charm me Un - less joy be shared with thee, One  
we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly with - out its ray. Far  
feels a - while be - night - ed, And looks round in fear and doubt. But

while I've thee be - fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No  
 mi - nute's dream a - bout thee Were worth a long, an end - less year Of  
 bet - ter light shall win me A - long the path I've yet to roam: The  
 soon the pro - spect clear - ing, By cloud - less star - light on he treads, And

clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light.  
 wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!  
 mind that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.  
 thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As that light which Hea - ven sheds.

# COME O'ER THE SEA.

(AIR. CUISHLA MACHREE.)

*Andante con moto.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. Come o'er the sea,      Mai - den, with me,      Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;  
2. Was not the sea      Made for the Free,      Land for courts and chains a - lone!

*cresc.*

Seas - ons may roll,      But the true soul      Burns the same, wher -  
Here we are slaves,      But on the waves,      Love and li - ber - ty's

*f*

e'er it goes. Let fate frown on so we love and part not 'Tis  
all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All

*mf*

*sf* *p*

life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not. Then come o'er the sea,  
earth for - got, and all hea - ven a - round us. Then, come o'er the sea,

*sf* *p*

Mai-den, with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,  
Mai-den, with me, Mine through sun - shine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.  
But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes.



## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

(AIR. SLY PATRICK.)

Andante.

VOICE. *p*

1. Has  
2. Has  
3. Has

PIANO. *p*

sor-row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? — Too  
love to that soul, so tend - er, Been like our La - ge - nian mine, — Where  
Hope like the bird in the sto - ry. That flitt - ed from tree to tree — With the

fast have those young days fad - ed, That, ev - en in sorrow, were sweet? — Does  
spark - les of gol - den splen - dour All ov - er the sur - face shine? — But,  
tal - isman's glitt' - ring glo - ry Has hope been that bird to thee? — On

*cresc.* *p*

Time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? — Then,  
if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, — Ah!  
branch af - ter branch a - light - ing The gem did she still dis - play, — And, when

*poco cresc.*

child of mis-fortune, come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.  
near-est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way?

4. If thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When sorrow it-self look'd

bright; If thus the fair hope hath cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so

light; If thus the cold world now with - er Each feel-ing that once was

dear: Come, child of mis-fortune, come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

# NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

(AIR. LUGGELAW.)

Andante. *mf*

VOICE.

1. No, not more  
2. Sweet voice of

PIANO. *p*

wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's  
com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of summer wind through some wreath - ed

ear, When, half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the  
shell, Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

*f*

full quire of heav'n is near, Than came that voice when, all for-  
soul echo-ed to its spell! 'Twas whis-per'd balm, 'twas sun-shine

*cresc.* *mf* *p*

sa - ken, This heart long had sleep-ing lain, Nor thought its  
spo - ken. I'd live years of grief and pain To have my

cold pulse would ev - er wa - ken To such be - nign bles-sed sounds a -  
long sleep of sor-row bro - ken By such be - nign bles-sed sounds a -

gain.  
gain.

*pp*

# WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

(AIR. O PATRICK FLY FROM ME.)

*Allegretto.*

VOICE.

*mp*

1. When
2. When
3. E'en
4. And

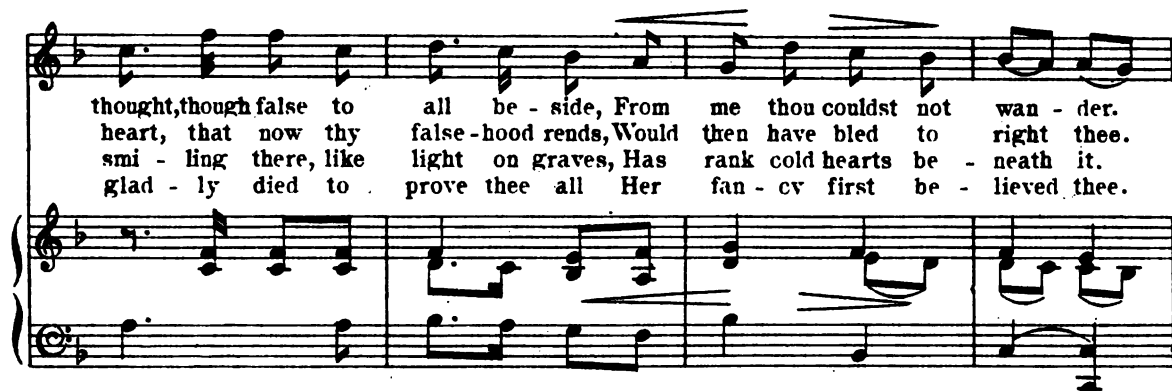
PIANO.

*p*

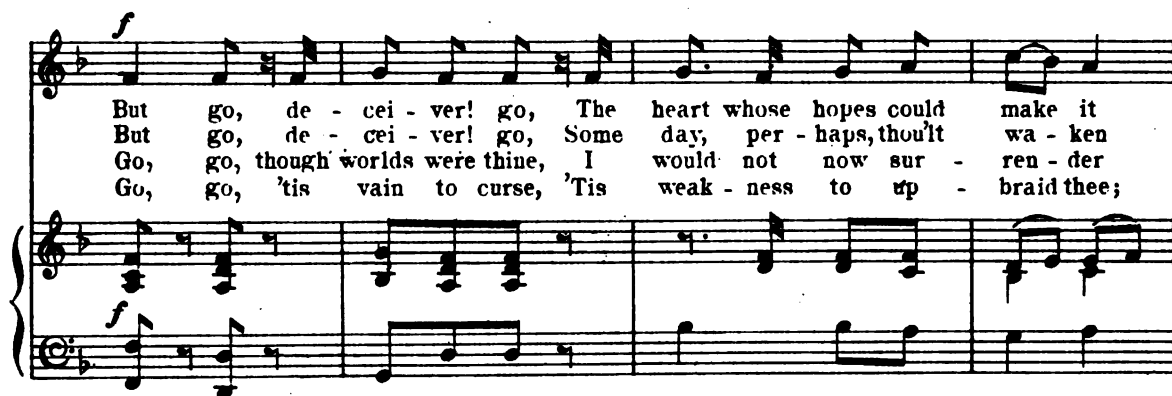
first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And  
ev' - ry tongue thy fol - lies named, I fled th'un-wel - come sto - ry; Or  
now, though youth its bloom has shed, No lights of age a - dorn thee: The  
days may come, thou false one! yet, When e'en those ties shall se - ver; When

on thy lip such pro-mise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I  
found, in e'en the faults they blamed, Some gleams of fu - ture glo - ry. I  
few, who loved thee once have fled, And they who flat - ter scorn thee. Thy  
thou wilt call, with vain re - gret, On her thou'st lost for ev - er; On

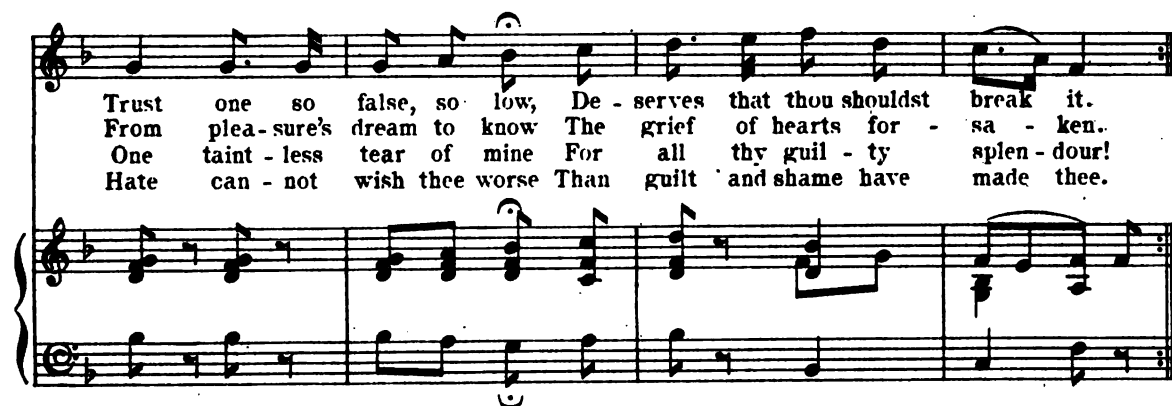
saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fon - der, And  
still was true, when nea - rer friends Con - spired to wrong, to slight thee; The  
mid - night cup is pledged to slaves, No ge - nial ties en - wreath it, The  
her who, in thy for - tune's fall, With smiles had still re - ceived thee, And



thought, though false to all be - side, From me thou couldst not wan - der.  
heart, that now thy false-hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee.  
smi - ling there, like light on graves, Has rank cold hearts be - neath it.  
glad - ly died to prove thee all Her fan - cy first be - lieved thee.



But go, de - cei - ver! go, The heart whose hopes could make it  
But go, de - cei - ver! go, Some day, per - haps, thou'lt wa - ken  
Go, go, though worlds were thine, I would not now sur - ren - der  
Go, go, 'tis vain to curse, 'Tis weak - ness to up - braid thee;



Trust one so false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it.  
From plea - sure's dream to know The grief of hearts for - sa - ken.  
One taint - less tear of mine For all thy guil - ty splen - dour!  
Hate can - not wish thee worse Than guilt and shame have made thee.



# WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

(AIR PADDY WHACK.)

**Allegro**

VOICE. *f*

PIANO. *mp*

1. While  
2. "Hail,  
3. "Yet

Hi - sto - ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of  
Star of my Isle!" said the Spi - rit, all sparkling With beams such as break from her  
still the last crown of thy toils is re - main - ing, The grandest, the pur - est, e'en

*mp*

*p*

De - sti - ny weaves, Be - side her the Ge - nius of Er - in stood weep - ing, For  
own de - wy skies "Through a - ges of sor - row, de ser - ted and dark - ling, I've  
thou hast yet known; Though proud was thy task o - ther na - tions en - chain - ing, Far

*p*

*cresc.*

her's was the sto-ry that blot-ted the leaves. But oh! how the tear in her  
 watch'd for some glo-ry like thine to a-rise. For though He-roes I've num-ber'd, un-  
 prou-der to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne for whose

*p* *cresc.*

eye-lids grew bright, When, af-ter whole pa-ges of sor-row and shame, She saw  
 blest was their lot, And un-hallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame; But  
 weal thou hast stood, Go, plead for the land that first crad-led thy fame, And

Hi-sto-ry write, With a pen-cil of light That il-lum'd the whole vol-ume, her  
 oh! there is not One dis-ho-nouring blot On the wreath that en-circ-les my  
 bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the rain-bow of Hope be her

Wel-ling-ton's name!  
 Wel-ling-ton's name!  
 Wel-ling-ton's name!"

*ff* *sf* *sf* *sf*



# THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

(AIR. PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.)

*Allegretto leggiero.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. The time I've lost in woo - - ing, In  
 2. Her smile when Beau-ty gran - - ted, I  
 3. And are those fol - lies go - - ing? And

*p*

watch - ing and pur - su - ing The light that lies In wo - man's eyes, Has  
 hung with gaze en - chan - ted, Like him the Sprite Whom maids by night Oft  
 is my proud heart grow - ing Too cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A -

been my heart's un - do - - ing. Though Wis - dom oft has sought me, I  
 meet in glen that's haun - - ted. Like him, too, Beau - ty won me, But  
 gain to set it glow - - ing? No vain, a - las! then - dea - - vour From

scorn'd the love she brought me, My on - ly books Were wo - man's looks, And  
 while her eyes were on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh!  
 bonds so sweet to se - ver; Poor Wis - dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is

fol - ly's all they've taught me.  
 winds could not out - run me.  
 now as weak as ev - er.

## OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

(AIR. DOWN BESIDE ME.)

*Allegretto maestoso.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Oh,  
2. Less

where's the slave so low - ly Con - demn'd to chains un -  
 dear the lau - rel grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd, and

ho - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would  
 blow - ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

pine — be - neath them slow - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de -  
 brows — with Vic - try glow - ing. We tread the land that

grade — it, Would wait till time — de — cay'd it, When  
 bore — us, Her green flag glit — ters o'er us, The

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who made it?  
 friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe we hate be — fore us.

*Lento.*

*p* Fare — well, Er — in, fare — well all, Who live to — weep our fall.  
 Fare — well, Er — in, fare — well all, Who live to — weep our fall.

# COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

(AIR. LOUGH SHEELING.)

*Andante tranquillo.*

VOICE.

1. Come,  
2. Oh!

PIANO.

rest in this bo - som, my own stri - cken deer, Though the  
what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through

herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here: Here  
joy and through tor - ment, through glo - ry and shame? I

still is the smile that no cloud can o'er - cast, And a  
know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but

heart and a hand all thy own — to the last.  
know that I love thee, what - ev - - er thou art.

8. Thou hast call'd me thy An-gel in

moments of bliss, And thy An-gel I'll be, 'mid the hor-rors of —

this, Through the fur-nace, un-shrink-ing, thy steps to pur-

sue, And shield thee, and save thee, or — pe-rish there too.

## 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

(AIR. "SAVOURNEEN DEELISH")

*Adagio.*

VOICE. *p*

1. 'Tis gone, and for ev - er, the  
2. For high was thy hope, when those

PIANO. *p*

*cresc.*

light we saw break-ing, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When  
glo-ries were dart-ing A-round thee through all the gross clouds of the world; When

Man, from the slum-ber of a-ges a-wak-ing, Look'd up-ward, and bless'd the pure  
Truth, from her fet-ters in-dig-nant-ly start-ing, At once, like a Sun-burst, her

*cresc.*

ray, ere it fled. 'Tis gone and the gleams it has left of its burn-ing But  
ban-ner un-furl'd. Oh! ne-ver shall earth see a mo-moment so splen-did; Then

*cresc.*

*f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Adagio.' and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The voice part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice staff and a piano staff. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, and the piano accompaniment is written below the piano staff. The score ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

*dim.* *f*

dee - pen the long night of bondage and mourn-ing, That dark o'er the kingdoms of  
then had one Hymn of De - li - ver-ance blend-ed The tongues of all na - tions, how

*dim.* *f*

earth is re - turn - ing, And dark-est of all, hap-less Er - in o'er thee.  
sweet had as - cen - ded The first note of Li - ber - ty, Er - in from thee!

*Poco più mosso.* *f*

3. But shame on those ty - rants, who

*cresc.*

*ff*

en - vied the bless - ing! And shame on the light race un - wor - thy its good, Who, at



Death's reek-ing al - tar, like fu - ries ca - ress - ing The young hope of Free-dom, bap-

*p* **Tempo I.**

tized it in blood! Then va-nish'd for ev - er that fair, sun - ny vi - sion, Which,

*cresc.* *f* *pesante*

spite of the sla-tish, the cold heart's de - ri - sion, Shall long be re - mem-ber'd, pure,

*rall.*

bright, and e - ly - sian, As first it a - rose, my lost Er - in, on thee.

*colla parte*

# I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

(AIR. MISS MOLLY.)

**Allegretto.** *poco rit.* *a* *mf*

VOICE.

PIANO. *p* *poco rit.*

1. I  
2. And  
8. Ne'er  
4. Oh,

*tempo*

saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A bark o'er the wa-ters move  
such is the fate of our life's ear-ly pro-mise, So pass-ing the spring-tide of  
tell me of glo-ries, se-re-ne-ly a-dorn-ing The close of our day, the calm  
who would not wel-come that moment's re-turn-ing, When pas-sion first waked a new

*poco più lento*

glo-riously on; I came when the sun o'er that beach was de-clin-ing, The  
joy we have known Each wave, that we danced on at morn-ing, ebbs from us, And  
eve of our night: Give me back, give me back the wild fresh-ness of Morn-ing, Her  
life through his frame, And his soul like the wood that grows pre-cious in burn-ing Gave

*colla parte*

bark was still there, but the wa-ters were gone.  
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a-lone.  
clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.  
out all its sweets to love's ex-qui-site flame!

*a tempo*

# FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

(AIR. BOB AND JOAN.)

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Fill the bum-per fair! Ev'- ry drop we sprink-le O'er the brow of Care  
2. Sa - ges can, they say, Grasp the light-ning's pi - nions, And bring down its ray  
8. Wouldst thou know what first Made our souls in - he - rit This en - nob - ling thirst For

Smooths a - way a wrink-le. Wit's e - lec-tric flame Ne'er so swift-ly pas - ses,  
From the starry do - mi-nions: So we, Sa-ges, sit And 'mid bumpers bright'ning  
wine's ce - les-tial spi-rit? It chan-ced upon that day, When, as bards in - form us, Pro-

As when through the frame It shoots from brimming glas-ses. Fill the bum-per fair!  
From the heaven of Wit Draw down all its lightning. Fill the bum-per fair!  
me-theus stole a - way The liv - ing fires that warm us, Fill the bum-per fair!

Ev'- ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrinkle.  
Ev'- ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrinkle.  
Ev'- ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrinkle.

4. The care-less Youth, when up To  
5. Some drops were in that howl, Re -

*cresc.*

Glo-ry's fount as-pir-ing, Took nor urn nor cup To hide the pil-fer'd fire in. But  
mains of last night's plea-sure, With which the Sparks of Soul Mix'd their burn-ing treasure.

oh! his joy! when, round The halls of hea-ven spy-ing, A-mong the stars he found A  
Hence the gob-let's shower Hath such spells to win us; Hence its migh-ty power

bowl of Bacchus ly-ing. Fill the bum-per fair! Ev'-ry drop we sprinkle  
O'er that flame with-in us. Fill the bum-per fair! Ev'-ry drop we sprinkle

*ff*

O'er the brow of Care Smooths a-way a wrinkle.  
O'er the brow of Care Smooths a-way a wrinkle.

# DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(AIR. NEW LANGOLEE.)

*Andante non troppo mosso.*

VOICE. *mp*

1. Dear  
2. Dear

PIANO. *p*

Harp of my Coun-try! in dark-ness I found thee, The cold chain of si-lence had  
Harp of my Coun-try! fare - well to thy num-bers, This sweet wreath of song is the

hung o'er thee long, When proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp, I un-bound thee, And  
last we shall twine! Go, sleep with the sun-shine of Fame on thy slum-bers, Till

*cresc.*

gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and song! The warm lay of love and the  
 touch'd by some hand less un - wor- thy than mine: If the pulse of the pa - tri-ot,

*cresc.*

light note of glad-ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li-est thrill; But so  
 sol - dier, or lo - ver, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a - lone; It was

*dim.*

*p*

oft hast thou e - choed the deep sigh of sad-ness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will  
 but as the wind, pass-ing heed - less - ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet-ness I

*p*

steal from thee still.  
 waked was thy own.

*p*

# MY GENTLE HARP.

(AIR. THE CAOINE OR DIRGE.)

*Lento assai.*

VOICE. *p*

1. My gen-tle Harp! once more I  
2. And yet, since last thy chord re-  
3. Then who can ask for notes of

PIANO. *parpeggiando*

waken The sweetness of thy slumbring strain; In tears our last farewell was taken, And now in  
sounded An hour of peace and tri-umph came, And many an ar-dent bosom bounded With hopes that  
pleasure, My drooping harp! from chords like thine? A-las, the lark's gay morning measure As ill would

tears we meet a-gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But like those harps whose heavenly  
now are turn'd to shame. Yet e-ven then, while Peace was singing Her halcyon song o'er land and  
suit the swan's de-cline! Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee, Invoke thy breath for freedom's

skill Of slavry, dark as thine, hath spoken, Thou hang'st up-on the wil-lows still.  
sea, Though joy and hope to o-thers bringing, She on-ly brought new tears to thee.  
strains, When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee, Are sad-ly mix'd, half flow'rs, half chains.

## Poco più animato.

*mf*

4. But come, if yet thy frame can borrow One breath of

joy. oh, breathe for me, And show the world, in chains and sor-row, How sweet thy

*cresc.*

mu - sic st'll can be; How gai - ev'n — 'mid gloom surround' Thou yet canst

*rall. s*

wake at pleasure's thrill. Like Memnon's bro - ken image, sounding 'Mid deso - la - tion tuneful

*colla parte*

still.



# IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

(AIR. THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.)

Moderato.

VOICE.

1. In the morn - ing of life. when its
2. When we see the first glo - ry of
8. In climes full of sun - shine though

PIANO.

cares are un-known, And its plea - sures in all their new lus - tre be-gin, When we  
youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream that will ne - ver re-turn; When our  
splen - did the flow'rs Their sighs havn no fresh-ness, their o - dour no worth. Tis the

live in a bright beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is  
cup, which had spar - kled with plea - sure so high. First tastes of the o - ther. the  
cloud and the mist of our own Isle of Show'rs That call the rich spi - rit of

*cresc.*

all from with-in: Oh 'tis not, be - lieve me, in that hap-py time We can  
 dark flow - ing urn; Then then is the time when af - fec - tion holds sway, With a  
 fra - gran - cy forth. So 'tis not 'mid splen-dour, pros - pe - ri - ty, mirth, That the

*mf*

love as in hours of less trans-port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the  
 depth and a ten - der-ness joy ne - ver knew; Love, nurs'd a - mong plea - sures, is  
 depth of Love's ge - ne - rous spi - rit ap - pears; To the sun - shine of smiles it may

*p*

gay sun - ny prime, But af - fec - tion is, tru - est when these fade a - way.  
 faith - less as they, But the love born of sor - row, like sor - row, is true.  
 first owe its birth, But the soul of its sweet-ness is drawn out by tears.

# AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

(AIR. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.)

*Allegro assai.*

VOICE:

PIANO.

*mf*

*mp*

1. As slow our ship her foa - my track A - gainst the wind was  
 2. When round the bowl of va - nish'd years We talk, with joy - ons

*mp stacc.*

cleav - ing, Her trembling pen - nant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas  
 seem - ing, With smiles that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their

*p*

*cresc.*

leav - ing. So loath we part from all we love, From all the links that  
 beam - ing; While mem - ry brings us back a - gain Each ear - ly tie that

*cresc.*

bind us; So turn our hearts as on we rove To those we've left be - hind us.  
 twined us, Oh, sweet's the cup that circ - les then To those we've left be - hind us.

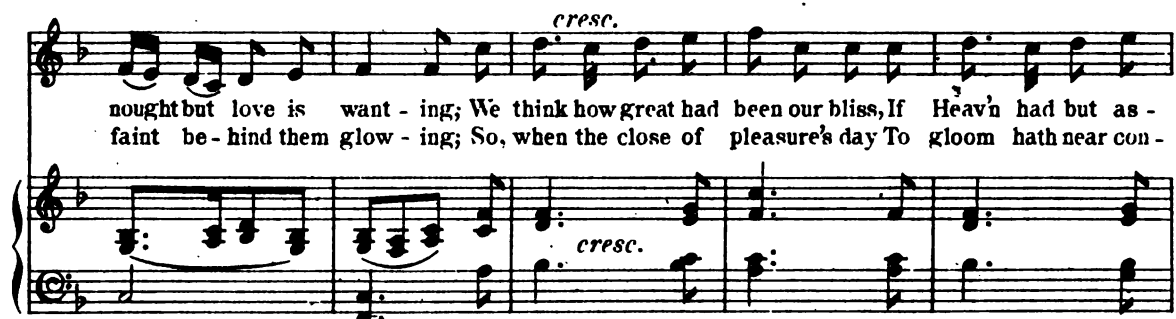


8. And when, in o - ther  
4. As travl - lers oft look

*mp*  
*dim.*

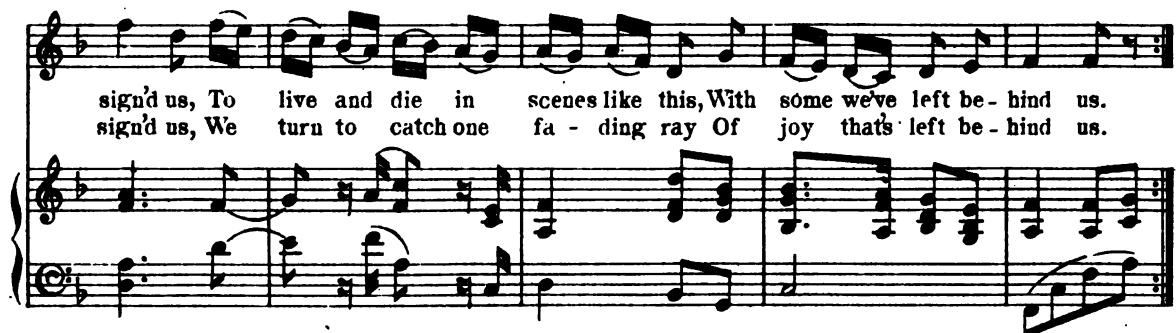


climes, we meet Some isle or vale en - chant - ing, Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet. And  
back at eve, When east - ward darkly go - ing, To gaze up - on that light they leave Still



*cresc.*  
*cresc.*

nought but love is want - ing; We think how great had been our bliss, If Heav'n had but as -  
faint be - hind them glow - ing; So, when the close of pleasure's day To gloom hath near con -



sign'd us, To live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left be - hind us.  
sign'd us, We turn to catch one fa - ding ray Of joy that's left be - hind us.



# WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

(AIR. LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION.)

*Lento assai.*

VOICE.

1. When cold in the
2. From thee and thy
3. And though some-times the

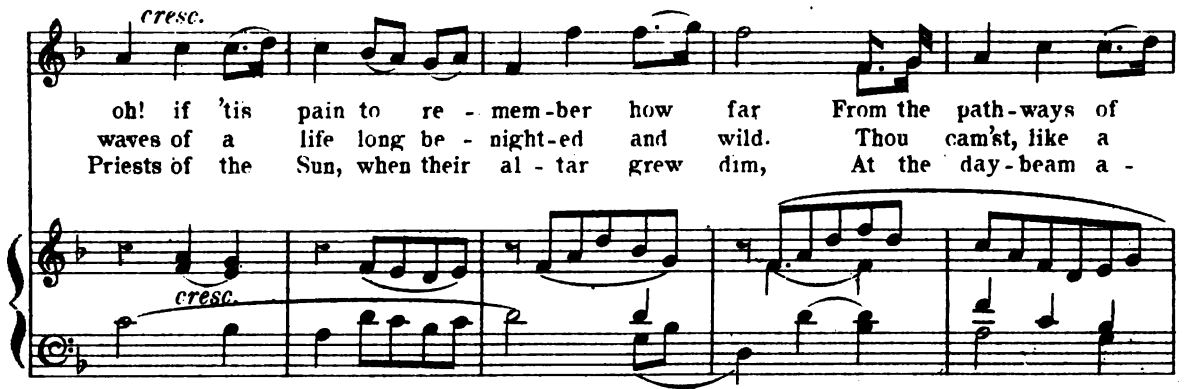
PIANO.

earth lies the friend thou hast loved, Be his faults and his fol-lies for -  
in - no - cent beau-ty first came The re - veal-ings that taught him true  
shade of past fql - ly would rise, And though False-hood a - gain would al -

got by thee then; Or if from their slum-ber the veil be re -  
Love to a - dore, To feel the bright pre-sence, and turn him with  
lure him to stray, He but turn'd to the glo - ry that dwelt in those

moved, Weep o'er them in si - lence, and close it a - gain. And,  
shame From the i - dols he blind - ly had knelt to be - fore. O'er the  
eyes, And the fol - ly, the false-hood, soon va - nish'd a - way. As the

*cresc.*



oh! if 'tis pain to re - mem - ber how far From the path - ways of  
waves of a life long be - night - ed and wild. Thou cam'st, like a  
Priests of the Sun, when their al - tar grew dim, At the day - beam a -

*cresc.*



light he was tempt - ed to roam, Be it bliss to re -  
soft gol - den calm o'er the sea; And if hap - pi - ness  
lone could its lus - tre re - pair, So, if vir - tue a

*mf*



mem - ber that thou wert the star That a rose on his dark - ness and  
pure - ly and glo - wing - ly smiled On his ey' - ning ho - ri - zon, the  
mo - ment grew lan - guid in him, He but flew to that smile, and re -

*p*



guid - ed him home.  
light was from thee.  
kind - led it there.

*p*

## REMEMBER THEE.

(AIR. CASTLE TIROWEN.)

*Andante espressivo.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. Re - mem - ber thee?  
2. Wert thou all that I

yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall ne - ver for - get thee, all  
wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free — First flo - wer of the earth, and first

*p*

*crest.*

lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy gloom, and thy  
gem of the sea, — I might hail thee with proud - er, with hap pier

*crest.*

showers, Than the rest — of the world in their sun - niest hours.  
brow, But, — oh! — could I love thee more deep - ly than now?

*piu mosso*  
8. No, thy

chains — as they ran - kle, thy blood as it runs, But

make thee more pain - ful - ly dear to thy sons: Whose

hearts, like the young of the de - sert - bird's nest, Drink

love in each life - drop that flows — from thy breast!



## WREATHE THE BOWL.

(AIR. NORAH KISTA.)

Allegretto vivace.

VOICE

PIANO.

2. 'Twas  
8. Say,

1. Wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul The bright-est wit can find us; We'll  
 nec - tar fed Of old, 'tis said Their Ju - nos, Joves, A - pol - los; And  
 why did Time His glass sub-lime Fill up with sands un - sight - ly, When

take a flight Towards heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be hind us! Should  
 man may brew His nec - tar too. The rich re - ceipts as fol - lows: Take  
 wine, he knew, Runs bris - ker through, And sparkles far more bright - ly? Oh,

Love a - mid The wreaths be hid That Joy, then-cher brings us, No  
 wine like this, Let looks of bliss A - round it well be blend - ed; Then  
 lend it us, And, smil - ing thus, The glass in two we'll se - ver, Make

dan - ger fear, While wine is near, We'll drown him if he stings us; Then  
bring wit's beam To warm the stream, And there's your nec - tar, splen - did! So  
plea - sure glide In dou - ble tide, And fill both ends for e - ver! Then

wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright - est wit can find us; We'll  
wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright - est wit can find us; We'll  
wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright - est wit can find us; We'll

take a flight Towards heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.  
take a flight Towards heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.  
take a flight Towards heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.

cresc. ff

# WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

(AIR. FATHER QUINN.)

VOICE. *Lento assai.* *mf* 3

1. When -  
2. For

PIANO. *p*

e'er I see those smil-ing eyes, So full of hope, and joy, and light, As  
time will come with all its blights, The rui - ned hope, the friend un-kind, And

if no cloud could e - ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - ly bright, I sigh to think how  
love, that leaves, wher - e'er it lights, A chill'd or burn-ing heart be-hind: While youth, that now like

*p* *pp*

*cresc.* *f* *dim. p*

soon that brow In grief may lose its ev' - ry ray, And that light heart so joy-ous now, Al-  
snow appears, Ere sul-lied by the dark'ning rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears, Can

*cresc.* *f* *p*

most for-get it once was gay.  
ne - ver shine so bright a-gain.

*pp*

# IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

(AIR. THE WINNOWING SHEET.)

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The piano part begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic, followed by a *cresc.* (crescendo) leading to a *f* (forte) dynamic. The voice part enters with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

1. If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth and sea, shall  
 2. Bright flowers shall bloom wher-e - ver we rove, A voice di-vine shall  
 3. And thoughts, whose source is hid-den and high, Like streams, that come from  
 lie at thy feet: What - e - ver in Fan - cy's eye looks fair, Or in  
 talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this  
 hea - ven-ward hills, shall keep our hearts like meads that lie To be  
 Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!  
 earth be all one beau-ti-ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!  
 bathed by those e - ter - nal rills, E-ver green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

*poco più lento.* *p*

4. All this and more the

*dim.* *p*

*cresc.*

Spi-rit of Love Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells; That heaven, which forms his

*cresc.*

**Tempo I.**

home above, He can make on earth, wher - e - ver he dwells, As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be

*mf*

mine, love!

*f* *p* *sf*

# TO LADIES' EYES.

(AIR. FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

VOICE. *mf* 1. To Ladies' eyes a -

PIANO. *mf* *p*

round, boy, We can't refuse, we can't refuse; Though bright eyes so a - bound, boy, 'Tis

hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose. For thick as stars that light-en Yon ai-ry bow'rs, yon ai-ry bow'rs, The

countless eyes that brigh - ten This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But fill the cup Where'er, boy, Our

choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

*p poco*

2. Some  
8. In

*dim.*

*più lento*

looks there are so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As  
some, as in a mir - ror, Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd; But

*pp*

*a tempo*

splen - did bea-cons sole - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n. While  
shun the flatt'ring er - ror, 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade. Him -

*f*

*p* *f*

some - oh! ne'er be - lieve them With temp - ting ray, with temp - ting ray, Would  
self has fixed his dwell - ing In eyes we know, in eyes we know, And

*p* *mf*

*cresc. (2da parte)**rall. (1ma parte)**a tempo*

*p*

lead us (God for - give them!) The oth - er way, the oth - er way. But  
lips - but this is tell - ing, So here they go! so here they go! Fill

*p* *colla parte* *f*

fill the cup wher - e'er, boy, our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're  
up, fill up wher - e'er, boy, our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

*ff*

sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!  
sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

*f*



# FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

(AIR. THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHIRM.)

*Andante non troppo mosso.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

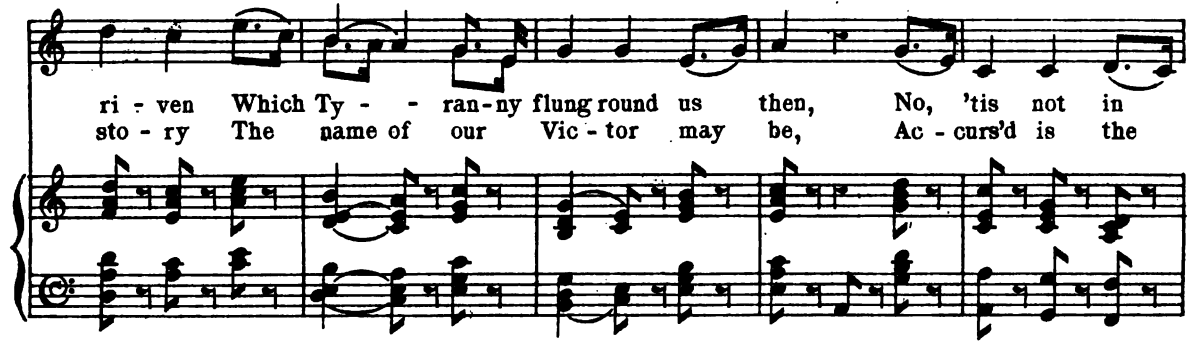
1. For - get not the field where they  
2. Oh! could we from death but re-

pe - rish'd The tru - est, the last of the brave, All  
co - ver Those hearts, as they bound - ed be - fore, In the

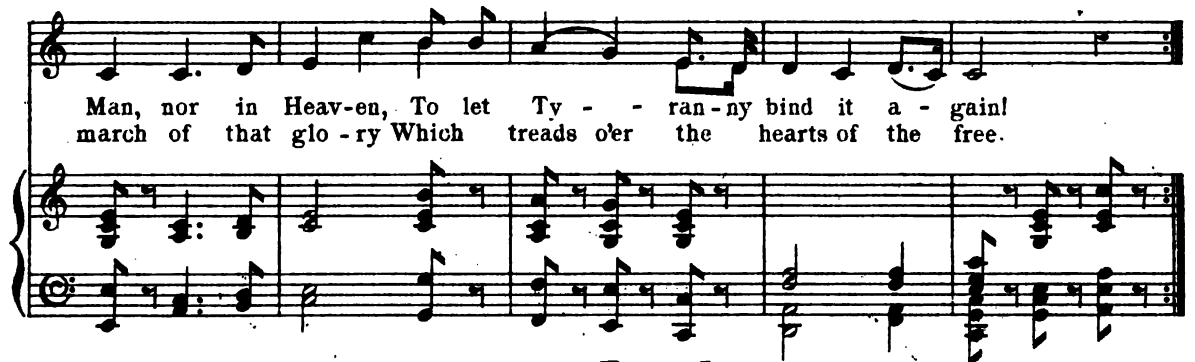
gone and the bright hope they cherish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.  
face of high Heav'n to fight o - ver That com - bat for free - dom once more;

*Poco più mosso.*

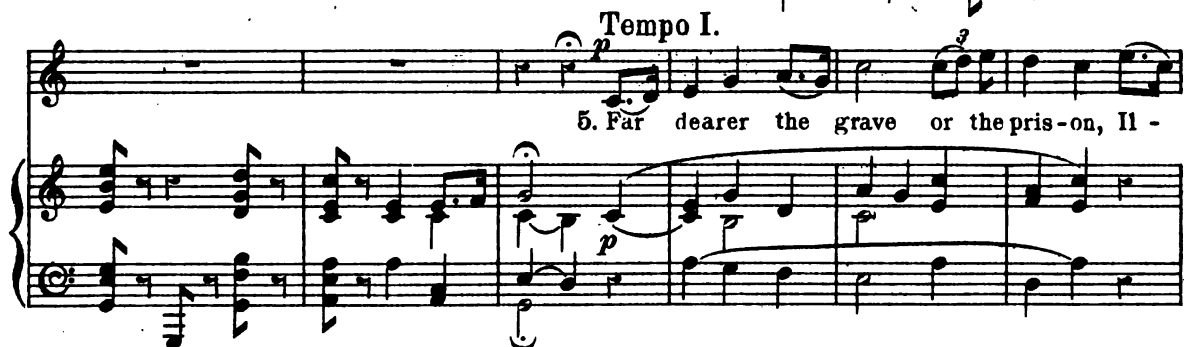
8. Could the chain for an in - stant be  
4. But 'tis past, and, tho' blazon'd in



ri - ven Which Ty - - ran-ny flung round us then, No, 'tis not in  
sto - ry The name of our Vic - tor may be, Ac - curs'd is the



Man, nor in Heav-en, To let Ty - - ran-ny bind it a - gain!  
march of that glo - ry Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.



*Tempo I.*  
5. Far dearer the grave or the pris-on, I -



*cresc.*  
lumed by one pa - tri - ot name, \_\_\_\_\_ Than the tro-phies of



all, who have ris - en On li - -ber - ty's ru-ins to fame!

# THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

(AIR. NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.)

Allegretto vivace.

VOICE. *mf*

1. They may  
2. In  
3. In that  
4. As for

PIANO. *mf*

rail at this life, from the hour I be-gan it, I found it a life full of  
Mer-cu-ry's star, where each mo-ment can bring them New sun-shine and wit from the  
star of the west, by whose shad-ow-y splen-dour, At twi-light so of-ten we've  
those chil-ly orbs on the verge of cre-a-tion, Where sun-shine and smiles must be

*p*

kind-ness and bliss; And un-til they can show me some hap-pi-er pla-net, More  
foun-tain on high, Tho' the nymphs may have live-li-er po-ets to sing them, They've  
roam'd thro' the dew, There are mai-ens per-haps, who have bo-soms as ten-der, And,  
e-qual-ly rare, Did they want a sup-ply of cold hearts for that sta-tion, Heav'n

so - cial and bright, I'll con - tent me with this. As long as the world has such  
none, e - ven there, more en - a - moured than I. And as long as this harp can be  
look, in their twi - lights, as love - ly as you. But tho' they were e - ven more  
knows we have plen - ty on earth we could spare. Oh! think what a world we should

e - lo - quent eyes, As be - fore me this mo - ment en - rap - tured I see, They may  
wa - ken'd to love, And that eye its di - vine in - spi - ra - tion shall be, They may  
bright than the queen Of that isle they in - ha - bit in heav - en's blue sea, As I  
have of it here, If the ha - ters of peace of af - fec - tion, and glee, Were to

say what they will of their orbs in the skies, But this earth is the plan - et for  
talk as they will of their E - dens a - bove, But this earth is the plan - et, for  
nev - er those fair young ce - les - tials have seen, Why this earth is the plan - et for  
fly up to Sa - - turn's com - fort - less sphere, And leave earth to such spir - its as

you, love, and me.  
you, love, and me.  
you, love, and me.  
you, love, and me.

## OH FOR THE SWORDS.


(AIR. UNKNOWN ORIGIN)

*Allegro moderato ma con fuoco.*


VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Oh for the swords of for - mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,  
2. Oh for the kings who flour-ish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When



arm'd for Right, they stood su - blime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When  
hearts and hands of free - born men Were all the ram - parts round them! When.



free yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ours to en - slave him, The  
safe built on bo - soms true, The throne was but the cen - tre, Round



best hon - ours worn by Man Were those which Vir - tue gave him!  
 which Love a cir - cle drew, That Trea - son durst not en - ter.

Oh for the swords of for - mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,  
 Oh for the kings who flourish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When

armed for Right, they stood su - blime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them!  
 hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ram - parts round them!

# ST SENANUS AND THE LADY.

(AIR. THE BROWN THORN.)

Andante con moto.

ST SENANUS.

VOICE.

1. "Oh! haste and leave this sacred

PIANO.

isle, Un-ho-ly bark, ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

*cresc.*

form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by wo-man's feet be

*mf*

THE LADY.

trod."

"Oh! Father, send not hence my

*p*

bark, Thru' wintry winds and bil-lows dark; I come with hum-ble heart to share Thy morn and

eve - ning prayer: Nor mine the feet, oh! Ho - ly Saint, The brightness of the sod to

taint." The Lady's prayer Se-nanus spur'd; The winds blew

fresh, the bark re-turn'd; But le-gends hint, that had the maid Till morning's

light de - lay'd: And giv'n the saint one ro - sy smile, She ne'er had

left his lone - ly isle.



## NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

(AIR. MY HUSBAND'S A JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL GONE.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Ne'er ask the hour what is it to us How Time deals out his  
 2. Young Joy ne'er thought of coun-ting hours, Till Care, one sum-mer's

treasures? The gol - den mo - ments lent us thus, Are not his coin, but  
 morning, Set up, a - mong his smi - ling flow'rs, A dial by way of

Pleasure's. If counting them o'er could add to their blisses, I'd num - ber each glo - rious  
 warning. But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun, As long as its light was

se-*cond*; But mo-ments of joy are, like Les - bia's kis-ses Too quick and sweet to be  
glow-ing, Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on, And how fast that light was

reckon'd. Then fill the cup! what is it to us How Time his cir - cle  
go-ing. So fill the cup! what is it to us How Time his cir - cle

measures? The fai - ry hours we call up thus O - bey no wand but  
measures? The fai - ry hours we call up thus O - bey no wand but

Pleasure's.  
Pleasure's.

# SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

(AIR. THE HUMMING OF THE BAN.)


Andante piacevole.

VOICE. 


PIANO. 

1. Sail  
2. Sail


on, sail on, thou fear-less bark, Wher-e-ver blows the wel-come wind, It  
on, sail on, thro' end-less space, Thro' calm, thro' tem-pest, stop no more; The



can-not lead to scenes more dark, More sad, than those we leave be-hind. Each  
stor-miest sea's a rest-ing place To him who leaves such hearts on shore. Or




*cresc.* *mf* *p*  
wave that pas-ses seems to say, "Tho' death be-neath our smile may be, Less  
if some de-sert land we meet, Where nev-er yet false-heart-ed men Pro-



*poco cresc.*

cold we are, less false than they, Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."  
fated a world, that else were sweet—Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

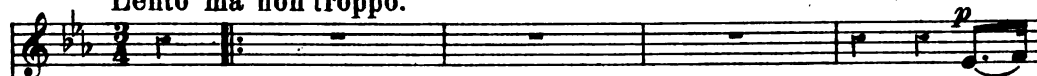


# YES, SAD ONE OF SION. (AIR. I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.)

173

Lento ma non troppo.

VOICE.



1. Yes,
2. Like
3. Like
4. Ah,

PIANO.



sad one of Si - on, if close - ly re - sem - bling, In shame and in  
thee doth our na - tion lie con - quer'd and bro - ken, And fall'n from her  
thine doth her ex - ile, 'mid dreams of re - turn - ing, Die far from the  
well may we call her, like thee, "the For - sa - ken," Her bold - est are

sor - row, thy with - er'd - up heart If drink - ing deep, deep, of the  
head is the once roy - al crown; In her streets, in her halls, De - so -  
home it were life to be - hold; Like thine do her sons, in the  
van - quish'd, her proud - est are slaves; And the harps of her min - strels, when

same "cup of trem - bling" Could make us thy child - ren, our pa - rent thou art.  
la - tion hath spo - ken, And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."  
day of their mourning, Re - mem - ber the bright things that bless'd them of old!  
gay - est they wa - ken, Wave tones in their mirth like the wind o - ver graves.

Più mosso.

*mf*

5. Yet hadst thou thy  
6. When that cup, which for

*cresc.*

*mf*

ven - geance, yet came there the mor - row, That shines out, at  
o - thers the proud Gold - en Ci - ty Had brimm'd full of

last, on the long - est dark night, When the scep - tre, that  
bit - ter - ness, drench'd her own lips; And the world she had

*f*

smote thee with slav - 'ry and sor - row, Was shi-ver'd at  
tram - pled on heard, with - out pi - ty, The howl in her

*f* *ff*

once, like a reed in thy sight.  
halls, and the cry from her ships.

*ff*

*Ancora più mosso.*

7. When the curse Hea - ven keeps for the haughty came o - ver Her

*dim. rallentando al fine.*

merchants ra - pacious, her ru - lers un - just, And a ru - in, at last, for the

*colla voce*

*rall.*

earthworm to co - ver, The La - dy of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

*p*

# DRINK OF THIS CUP

(AIR. PADDY O' RAFFERTY.)

Allegro.

VOICE.

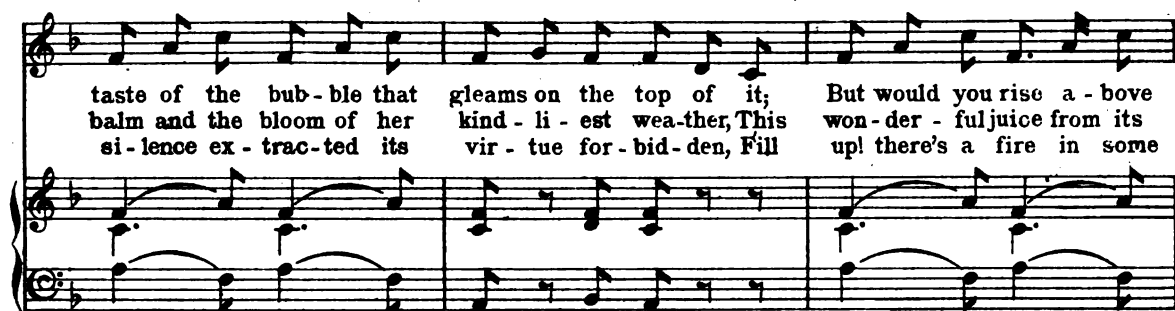
1. Drink of this cup, you'll
2. Ne - ver was phil - tre
3. And tho' perhaps but

PIANO.

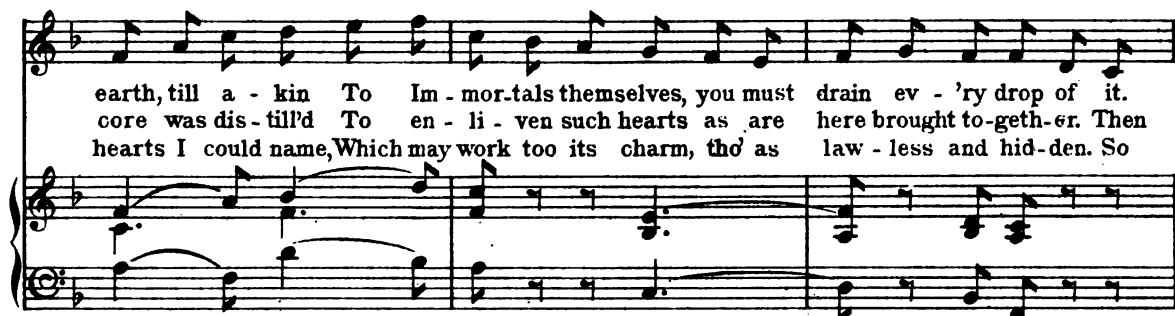
find there's a spell in Its ev - e - ry drop 'gainst the ills of mor - ta - li - ty;  
 form'd with such pow - er To charm and be-wild - er as this we are quaffing; Its  
 breathe it to no one Like li - quor the witch brews at midnight so aw - ful, This

Talk of the cor-dial that spark-led for Helen! Her cup was a fic-tion, but  
 mag-ic be-gan when, in Au-tumn's rich hour, A har-vest of gold in the  
 phil-tre in se-cret was first taught to flow on, Yet 'tis - nt less po-tent for

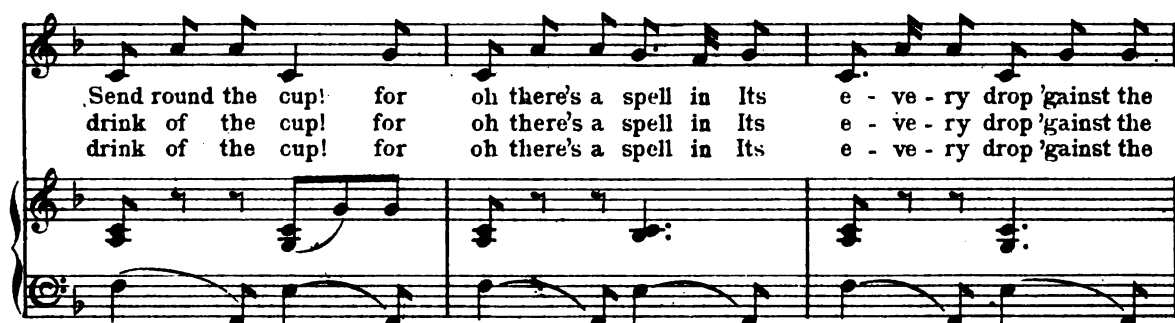
this is re - a - li - ty. Would you for-get the dark world we are in, Just  
 fields it stood laughing. There hav-ing, by Na-ture's en - chantment, been fill'd With the  
 be - ing un - law - ful. And, e'en tho' it taste of the smoke of that flame, Which in



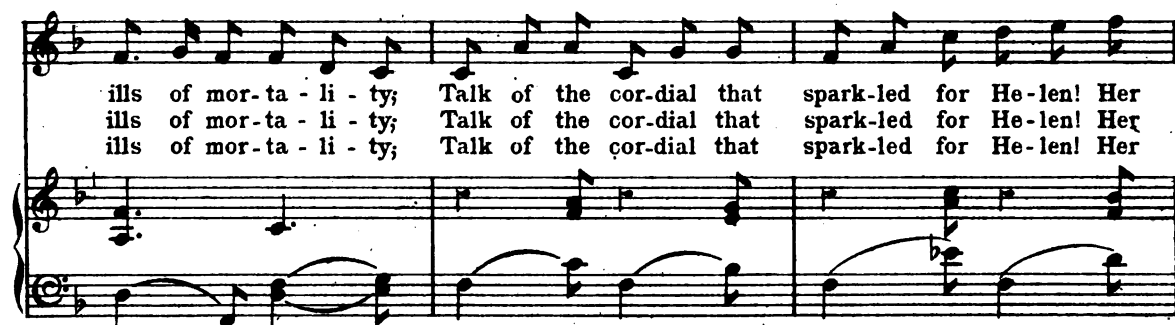
taste of the bub-ble that gleams on the top of it; But would you rise a - bove  
balm and the bloom of her kind - li - est wea-ther, This won - der - ful juice from its  
si - lence ex - trac-ted its vir - tue for - bid - den, Fill up! there's a fire in some



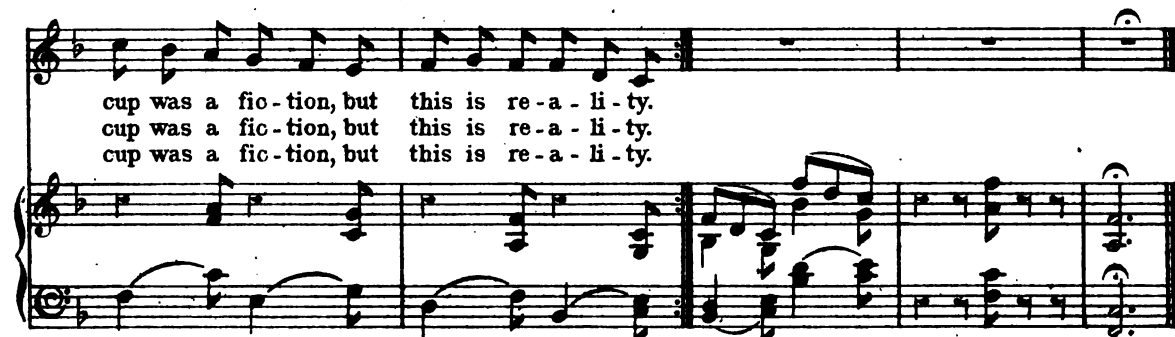
earth, till a - kin To Im - mor-tals themselves, you must drain ev - 'ry drop of it.  
core was dis - till'd To en - li - ven such hearts as are here brought to-gether. Then  
hearts I could name, Which may work too its charm, tho' as law - less and hid - den. So



Send round the cup! for oh there's a spell in Its e - ve - ry drop 'gainst the  
drink of the cup! for oh there's a spell in Its e - ve - ry drop 'gainst the  
drink of the cup! for oh there's a spell in Its e - ve - ry drop 'gainst the



ills of mor-ta - li - ty; Talk of the cor-dial that spark-led for He-len! Her  
ills of mor-ta - li - ty; Talk of the cor-dial that spark-led for He-len! Her  
ills of mor-ta - li - ty; Talk of the cor-dial that spark-led for He-len! Her



cup was a fic-tion, but this is re-a - li - ty.  
cup was a fic-tion, but this is re-a - li - ty.  
cup was a fic-tion, but this is re-a - li - ty.

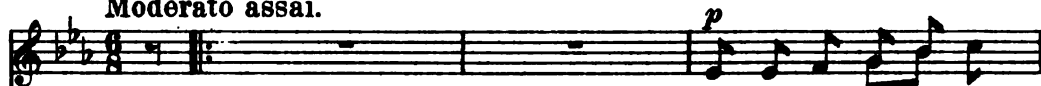


# THE FORTUNE TELLER.

(AIR. OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.)

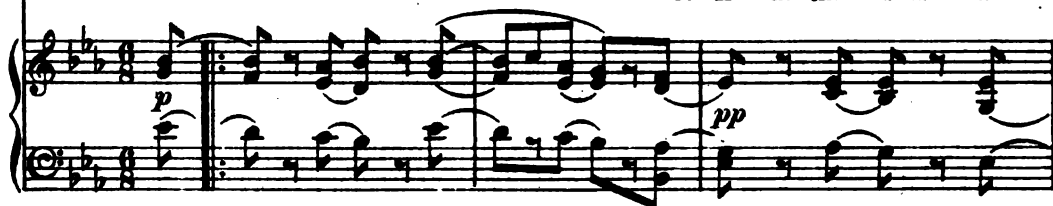
Moderato assai.

VOICE.



1. Down in the val-ley come
2. But, for the world, let
3. If at that hour the

PIANO.



meet me to - night, And I'll tell you your for - tune  
no one be nigh, Lest hap - ly the stars should de -  
heav'n's be not dim, My sci - ence shall call up be -

tru - - - ly As ev - er was told, by the  
ceive me; Such se - crets be - tween you and  
fore you A male ap - par - i - - tion, the

new moon's light, To a young mai - den, shi - ning as new - ly.  
me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be - lieve me.  
im - age of him Whose des - ti - ny 'tis to a - dore you.

*mf*

4. And if to that pian - - tom  
 5. Down at your feet in the  
 6. What oth - er thoughts and e -

you'll be kind, So fond - ly a - round you he'll ho - - ver, You'll  
 pale moonlight, He'll kneel with a warmth of de - vo - - tion, An  
 vents may a - rise, As in des - ti - ny's book I've not seen them, Must

hard - ly, my dear, a - ny dif - fer - ence find, 'Twixt him and a true liv - ing  
 ar - dour, of which such an in - no - cent sprite You'd scarcely be - lieve had a  
 on - ly be left to the stars and your eyes To set - tle, ere mor - ning, be -

lov - er.  
 no - tion.  
 tween them.

*pp*

# OH, YE DEAD!

(AIR. A PLOUGH TUNE.)

Lento solenne.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Oh, ye Dead! Oh, ye

Dead! whom we know by the light you give From your cold glea-ming eyes, Tho' you

move like men who live, Why leave you thus your graves, In far - off

seas and waves, Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed, To haunt this spot, where

all Those eyes that wept your fall, And the hearts that wailed you like your own, lie dead!

*pp*  
It is true, It is true, We are

*mf* *pp*

sha-dows cold and wan; And the fair, and the brave whom we loved on

*pp*

*mp*  
earth are gone, But still thus ev'n in death, So sweet the

*p*

*pp*  
li-ving breath Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er, That ere, con-demn'd, we

*pp* *cresc.*

*rall.*  
go, To freeze mid He-cla's snow, We would taste it a-while, and think we live once more!

*p*

# O'DONOGHUE'S MISTRESS.

(AIR. THE LITTLE AND GREAT MOUNTAIN.)

*Andante tranquillo.*

VOICE.

*mp*

1. Of  
2. Of

PIANO.

*p*

all the fair months, that round the sun In  
all the bright haunts, where day - light leaves Its

light - link'd dance their cir - cles run, Sweet  
ling - ring smile on, gol - den eves, Fair

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*pp*

May, sweet May, shine thou for me, Sweet May, shine thou for  
lake, fair lake, thou'rt dear - esto me, Fair lake thou'rt dear-est to

*pp*

*cresc*

me; For still, when thy ear - li-est beams a - rise, That  
me; For when the last A - pril sun grows dim, Thy

*cresc*

*f*

youth, who be-neath the blue lake lies, Sweet May, sweet May, re -  
Nai-ads pre-pare his steed for him, Who dwells, bright lake, bright

*mf*

turne to me, Sweet May, re - turns to me.  
lake, in thee, Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

## Animato.

8. Of all the proud steeds, that e - ver bore Young  
4. While, white as the sail some bark un - furls, When

*stacc.*  
*cresc.*

plu - méd chiefs on sea or shore, White steed, white steed, most joy to thee, White  
new - ly launch'd, thy long mane curls, Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free, Fair

steed, most joy to thee; Who still with the first young  
steed, as white and free; And spi - rits from all the

glance of spring, From un - der that glo - rious lake dost bring My  
lake's deep bowers, Glide o'er the blue wave scatt' - ring flow'rs, A -

love, my chief, my love, my chief, my love re - turns to me. —  
round, my love, a - round, my love, a - round my love and thee. —

## Tranquillo.

*p*

5. Of

*dim.* *pp* *p*

all the sweet deaths that mai-dens die, Whose lo - vers be - neath the cold wave lie, Most

sweet, most sweet that death will be, most sweet that death will be, Which

*mf*

un - der the next May - eve - ning's light, When thou and thy steed are lost to sight, Dear

*f*

love, dear love, I'll die for thee, Dear love, I'll die for thee.

*mf* *p* *mf*



# ECHO.

(AIR. THE WREN.)

Larghetto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. How sweet the an - swer
2. Yet Love hath ech - oes
8. 'Tis when the sigh, in

*cresc.*

E - cho makes To mu - sic at night, When, roused by lute or  
tru - er far, And far more sweet, Than e'er be - neath the  
youth sin - cere, And on - ly then, The sigh that's breath'd for

horn, she wakes And far a - way, and far a - way, o'er lawns and lakes, Goes  
moonlight's star, the moonlight's star, Of horn or lute, or soft gui - tar, The  
one to hear, for one to hear, Is by that one, that on - ly dear, Breath'd

an - swer - ing light.  
songs re - peat.  
back a - gain.

# OH BANQUET NOT.

(AIR. PLANXTY IRWIN.)

187

*Allegretto moderato.*

VOICE. *mf*

1. Oh! ban-quet not in those  
2. There, while the myr - tles

PIANO. *mf* *p*

shin - ing bowers, Where youth re - sorts, but come to me: For mine's a gar - den of  
with - ring boughs Their life - less leaves a - round us shed, We'll brim the bowl to

fa - ded flowers, More fit for sor - row, for age, and thee. And there we shall have our  
bro - ken vows, To friends long lost, the changed, the dead. Or while some blight - ed

*cresc.*

feast of tears, And ma - ny a cup in si - lence pour; Our guests, the shades of for - mer years, Our  
lau - rel waves Its bran - ches o'er the drea - ry spot, We'll drink to those ne - glec - ted graves Where

*dim.*

toasts, to lips that bloom no more.  
va - lour sleeps un - named for - got!

## THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

(AIR. THE MARKET-STAKE.)

Andante. *mp*

VOICE. 


1. The  
2. What -  
3. I

PIANO.  *p*

*cresc.*


dawn - ing of morn, the day - light's sink - ing, The night's long hours still  
e - ver in fame's high path could wa - ken My spi - rit once, is  
have not a joy but of thy bring - ing, And pain it - self seems

*cresc.*



find me think - ing Of thee, thee, on - ly thee. When  
now for - sa - ken For thee, thee, on - ly thee. Like  
sweet when spring - ing From thee, thee, on - ly thee. Like

*p*



*cresc.*

friends are met, and gob - lets crown'd, And smiles — are near, that  
shores, by which some head - long bark To tho - cean hur - ries,  
spells, that nought on earth can break, Till lips, — that know the

*cresc.*

*f*

once en - chan - ted, Un - reach'd by all that sun - shine round, My  
rest - ing nev - er, Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark I  
charm, have spo - ken, This heart, how - e'er the world may wake its

*mf* *dim.*

soul, like some dark spot, is haun - ted By thee, thee,  
know not, heed not, hast' - ning e - ver To thee, thee,  
grief, its scorn, can but be bro - ken By thee, thee,

*p*

on - ly thee.  
on - ly thee.  
on - ly thee.

*p*

# SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

(AIR. MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION.)

*Lento assai.*

VOICE. *mf*

1. Shall the  
2. No!

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

harp, then, be si - lent, when he who first gave To our  
faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips, Tho' his

coun - try a name, is with - - drawn from all  
harp, like his soul, may with sha - dows be

eyes? Shall a Mins - trel of Er - in stand mute by the  
crost, Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a na - tion's ec - -

grave, lipse: Where the first, where the last of her pa - tri - ots  
And pro - claim to the world what a star hath been

lies. lost?

3.  
What a union of all the affections and powers  
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,  
Was embraced in that spirit — whose centre was ours,  
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

4.  
Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,  
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime —  
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert — where he  
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

5.  
That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom  
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,  
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,  
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

6.  
Who, that ever hath heard him — bath drunk at the source  
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,  
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire, and the force,  
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

7.  
An eloquence rich wheresoever its wave  
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,  
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave.  
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too!

8.  
Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,  
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread  
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,  
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head —

9.  
Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,  
But at distance observed him — through glory, through blame,  
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,  
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,

10.  
Oh no! not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns  
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined —  
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns  
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

## OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

(AIR. PLANXTY SUDLEY.)

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The left staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a forte (f) dynamic marking at the beginning.

*mf* *cresc.*

1. Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn-ing's beam is  
2. Yet, 'tis not helm or fea - ther - For ask yon des - pot,

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time. The vocal line has a forte (f) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The system ends with a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

*f*

glan - cing O'er files arra-yed With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind  
whe - ther His plu - med bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours to -

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time. The vocal line has a forte (f) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The system ends with a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

danc - ing! When hearts are all high beat - ing, And the trum-pet's voice re -  
ge - ther. Leave poms to those who need 'em, Give man but heart and

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time. The vocal line has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The system ends with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

*p*

peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But ne - ver to re -  
free - dom, And proud he braves the gau-diest slaves, That crawl where mo - narchs

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time. The vocal line has a piano (p) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment has a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system ends with a crescendo (cresc.) marking.

*mf*

treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The brow of sire or  
lead - 'em. The sword may pierce the bea - ver, Stone walls in time may

*mf*

lo - ver, Think 'tis the shade By Vict'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us  
se - ver. 'Tis Mind a - lone, Worth steel and stone, That keeps men free for

*sf*

*mf* *cresc.*

ho - - ver. Oh, that sight en - tranc - ing, when morn - ing's beam is  
e - - ver. Oh, that sight en - tranc - ing, when morn - ing's beam is

*mp* *cresc.*

*gr. alta ad lib.*

glanc - ing O'er files ar-ray'd With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind  
glanc - ing O'er files ar-ray'd With helm and blade, And in Free - dom's cause ad -

8

danc - - ing!  
vanc - - ing!

*ff*



# SWEET INNISFALLEN.

(AIR. THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH.)

*Lento.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

1. Sweet In - nis - fal - len, fare thee well, May  
 2. Sweet In - nis - fal - len, long shall dwell In

calm and sun - shine long be thine! How  
 Mem' - - ry's dream that sun - ny smile. Which

*p*

fair thou art let oth - ers tell, — To feel how fair shall  
o'er thee on that eve - ning fell, — When first I saw thy

long be mine.  
fai - ry isle.

3.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one  
Who had to turn to paths of care —  
Thro' crowded haunts again to run,  
And leave thee bright and silent there;

4.

No more unto thy shores to come,  
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,  
Dream of thee sometimes as a home  
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

5.

Far better in thy weeping hours  
To part from thee, as I do now,  
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers.  
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

6.

For, though unrival'd still thy grace,  
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,  
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place  
Where erring man might hope to rest —

7.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
He left its shade, when every tree,  
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

8.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!  
And all the lovelier for thy tears —  
For though but rare thy sunny smile,  
'Tis Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

9.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
But, when indeed they come, divine —  
The brightest light the sun e'er threw  
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

# 'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

(AIR. THE SONG OF THE WOODS.)

*Andante.*

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *p*

1. 'Twas  
2. The

one of those dreams, that by mu - sic was brought, Like a  
wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were those He had

bright sum - mer ha - ze, o'er the po - ets warm thought; When.  
taught to sing E - rin's dark bon - dage and woes, And the

lost in the fu - ture, His soul wan - ders on, And  
breath of the bu - gle now waft - ed them o'er From

all of this life, but its sweet-ness, is gone.  
Di - nis' green isle To Gle - na's wood-ed shore.

*cresc.* *dim.*

8. He lis - ten'd-while,

high o'er the ea - gle's rude nest, The ling' - ring sounds on their

way loved to rest; And the echoes sung back from their full mountain

quire, As if loth to let song so en - chan-ting ex - pire.

The following verses can be sung if desired:-

4.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,  
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,  
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain  
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

5.

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath  
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,  
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,  
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

6.

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,  
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,  
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!"

# FAIREST, PUT ON AWHILE.

(AIR. CUMMILUM.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. Fai - rest! put on a - while These  
2. Field where the Spring de - lays. And  
8. Is - lets so fresh - ly fair, That

pinions of light I bring thee, And o'er thine own green isle In  
fearless - ly meets the ar - dour Of the warm Sum - mer's gaze, With  
ne - ver hath bird come nigh them, But from his course thro' air, He

*mf*

fan - cy let me wing thee, Ne - ver did A - ri - el's plume At  
on - ly her tears to guard her. Rocks, thro' mys - tic boughs In  
hath been won down by them; Types, sweet maid of thee, Whose

gol - den sun - set ho - ver O'er scenes so full of bloom, As  
 grace ma - jes - tic frown - ing, Like some bold war - rior's brows That  
 look, whose blush in - vi - ting, Ne - ver did Love yet see From

I shall waft thee o - ver.  
 Love hath just been crown - ing.  
 Heav'n, with - out a - ligh - ting.

4.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,  
 And caves, where the gem is sleeping,  
 Bright as the tears thy lid  
 Lets fall in lovely weeping.  
 Glens, where Ocean comes,  
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,  
 And harbours, worthiest homes,  
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

5.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,  
 So beautiful, shine before thee,  
 Pride for thy own dear land  
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,  
 Oh, let grief come first,  
 O'er pride itself victorious,  
 Thinking how man hath curst  
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

## QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

(AIR. PADDY O'SNAP.)

*Allegro vivace.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Quick! we have but a se- cond, Fill round the cup, while you may; For  
2. See the glass, how it flush-es, Like some young He - be's lip, And

Time, the churl, hath beckon'd And we must a - way, a - way!  
half meets thine, and blush-es That thou shouldst de - lay to sip.

Grasp the pleasure that's fly - ing, For oh! not Or - pheus' strain Could  
Shame, oh shame un - to thee, If e'er thou see'st that day, When a

keep sweet hours from dy - ing, Or charm them to life a - gain; Then,  
cup or lip shall woo thee, And turn un - touch'd a - way! Then,

quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill round, the cup while you may; For  
quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill round, fill round, while you may; For

Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way, a - way!  
Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way, a - way!



# AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

(AIR. UNKNOWN.)

*Andante non troppo lento.*

VOICE. *mf*

1. And  
2. What

PIANO. *mp*

doth not a meeting like this make amends, For all the long years I've been wand'ring a-way, To  
soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart, In gazing on those we've been lost to so long! The

*p*

see thus a-round me my youth's early friends, As smil-ing and kind as in that happy day? Tho'  
sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part Still round them, like vi-sions of yes-ter-day, throng, As

*p*

haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine, The snowfall of Time may be stealing, what then? Like letters some hand hath in - vi - si - bly traced, When held to the flame will steal out on the sight, So

Alps in the sunset, thus light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's ro - ses a - gain. ma - ny a feeling, that long seemed effaced, The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

*rall.*

The following verses can be sung if desired:—

8.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
Though oft we may see looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

4.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.  
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

5.

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,  
The more we should welcome and bless them the more—  
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,  
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,  
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

# THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

(AIR. THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.)

Andante.

VOICE.

*mp*

1. In yon-der val - ley there.
2. As once, by moonlight, he
3. Be - side a foun-tain one
4. He turn'd but lo, like some

PIANO.

*f*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

dwelt a - lone, A youth whose moments had calm - ly flown, Till spells came o'er him, and,  
wander'd o'er The gol - den sands of that is - land shore, A foot-print spar-kled be-  
sun-ny day, As ben - ding o - ver the stream he lay, There peep'd down o'er him two  
star-tled bird, That Spi - rit fled! And the youth but heard Sweet mu - sic, such as

day and night, He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.  
fore his sight. 'Twas the fai - ry foot of the Mountain Sprite.  
eyes of light, And he saw in that mir - ror the Mountain Sprite.  
marks the flight, Of some bird of song from the Mountain Sprite.

*mf*

*mp*

5. One night, still haunted by that bright look, The  
6. "Oh thou, who lo-vest the sha-dow" cried A

*pp*

boy be-wilder'd his pen-cil took, And gui-ded on-ly by men-ry's light, Drew the  
voice, low whisp'-ring by his side, "Now turn and see," here the youths' de-light Seal'd the

*mf*

once seen form of the Mountain Sprite. 7. "Of all the Spi-rits of  
ro-sy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

*cresc.*

*mf* *p*

land and sea," Then rapt he murr'd, "There's none like thee, And oft, oh, oft, may thy

*p*

*cresc.* *rall.* *a tempo*

foot thus light In this lonely bow-er, sweet Mountain Sprite.

*colla voce*

# AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

(AIR. THE BOYNE WATER.)

Con moto.

VOICE.

1. As
2. But

PIANO.

vanquish'd E - rin wept be - side The Boyne's ill - fat - ed ri - ver, She saw where Discord,  
vain her wish, her weep - ing vain, As Time too well hath taught her, Each year the Fiend re -

in the tide, Had dropt his loa - ded qui - ver. "Lie hid," she cried, "ye  
turns a - gain And dives in - to that wa - ter; And brings tri - um - phant,

ve - nom'd darts, where mor - tal eye may shun you; Lie hid the stain of  
from be - neath His shafts of de - so - la - tion, And sends them, wing'd with

man-ly hearts, That bled for me, is on you"  
 worse than death, Thro' all her mad-d'ning na - tion.

8. A - las for her who sits and mourns, Ev'n now beside that

ri - ver! Un - wearied still the Fiend re - turns, And stored is still his qui - ver. "When

will this end, ye Powrs of Good?" She weeping asks for e - ver, But on - ly hears from

out that flood, The demon ans - wer, "Ne - ver!"

# DESMOND'S SONG.

(AIR. UNKNOWN.)

Andante assai.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. By the
2. Love
8. You, who

Feal's wave be - night - ed, No star in the skies, To thy  
came, and brought sor - row Too soon in his train; Yet so  
call it dis - hon - our To bow to this flame, If you've

door by Love light - ed, I first saw those eyes. Some  
sweet, that to - mor - row 'Twere wel - come a - gain. Tho'  
eyes, look but on her, And blush while you blame. Hath the

voice whis - per'd o'er me, As the thresh - old I crost, There was  
mis - ry's full mea - sure My por - tion should be, I would  
pearl . . . . less white - ness Be - cause of its birth? Hath the

*dim.*

ru - in be - fore me, If I loved, I was lost.  
 drain it with plea - sure, If pour'd out by thee.  
 vio - let less bright - ness For grow - ing near earth?

*dim.*

4. No! Man for his glo - ry To

*cresc.*

*p*

an - ces - try flies; But Woman's bright sto - ry is told in her

*p*

eyes. While the Mo - narch but tra - ces Thro' mor - tals his

*rall.*

line, Beauty, born of the Gra - ces, Ranks next to Di - - vine!

*colla voce*



# THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

(AIR. COULIN DHAS.)

*Lento moderato.*

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

*fespress.*

1. They know not my heart, who be - lieve there can be One  
2. No, beaming with light as those young features are, There's a



stain of this earth in its feelings for thee; Who think, while I  
light round thy heart which is love - li - er far: It is not that



see thee in beauty's young hour, As pure as the morning's first  
cheek, 'tis the soul draw-ing clear Thro' its in - no - cent blush makes thy

dew on the flow'r, I could harm what I love, as the sun' wan-ton  
beau - ty so dear; As the sky we look up to, tho' glo-rious and

ray But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it a - - way.  
fair, Is look'd up to the more be - cause Hea-ven lies there!

*dim. e rall.*

# I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

(AIR. SHULE AROON.)

Lento moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Lento moderato.' The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, with the voice part singing the lyrics and the piano part providing accompaniment. The lyrics are:

1. I wish I was by that dim lake, Where  
 2. The life - less sky, the mourn - ful sound Of  
 8. As they who to their couch at night Would

sin - ful souls their fare - well take Of this vain world, and  
 un - seen wa - ters fall - ing round; The dry leaves, quiv' - ring  
 win re - pose, first quench the light, So must the hopes that

half - way lie In death's cold sha - - dow, ere they die.  
 o'er my head, Like man, un - qui - - et evn when dead!  
 keep this breast. A - wake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.

*pp*

There, there, far from thee, De - ceit - ful world, my  
 These, ay, these should wean My soul from life's de -  
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow, Un - mov'd by ei - ther

home should be; Where, come what might of gloom and pain, False  
 lu - ding scene, And turn each thought, o'er - charged with gloom, Like  
 joy or woe; Like free - zing founts, where all that's thrown With

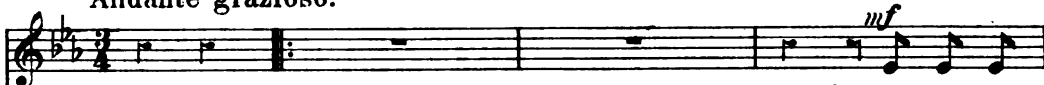
hope should ne'er de - ceive a - gain.  
 wil - lows down - ward tow'rd the tomb.  
 in their cur - rent turns to stone.

## SHE SANG OF LOVE.

(AIR. THE MUNSTER MAN.)

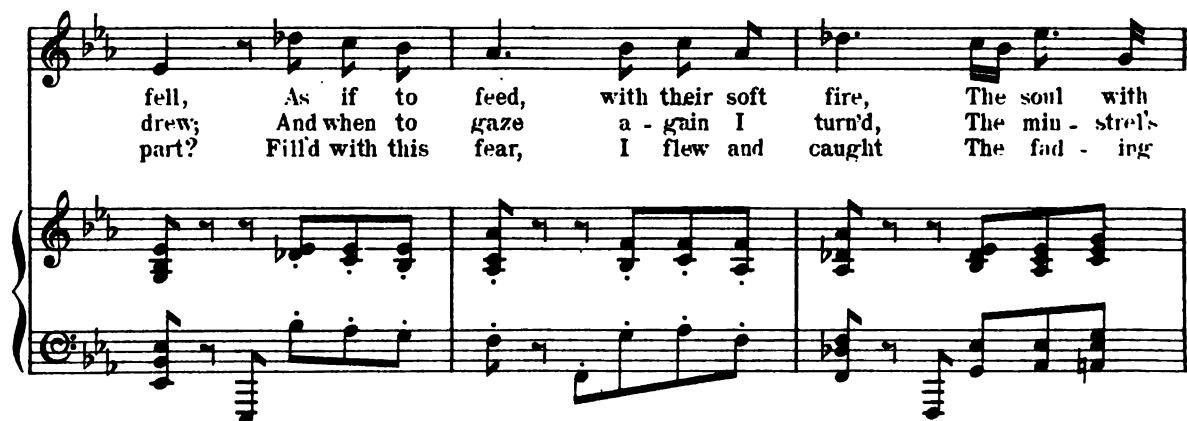
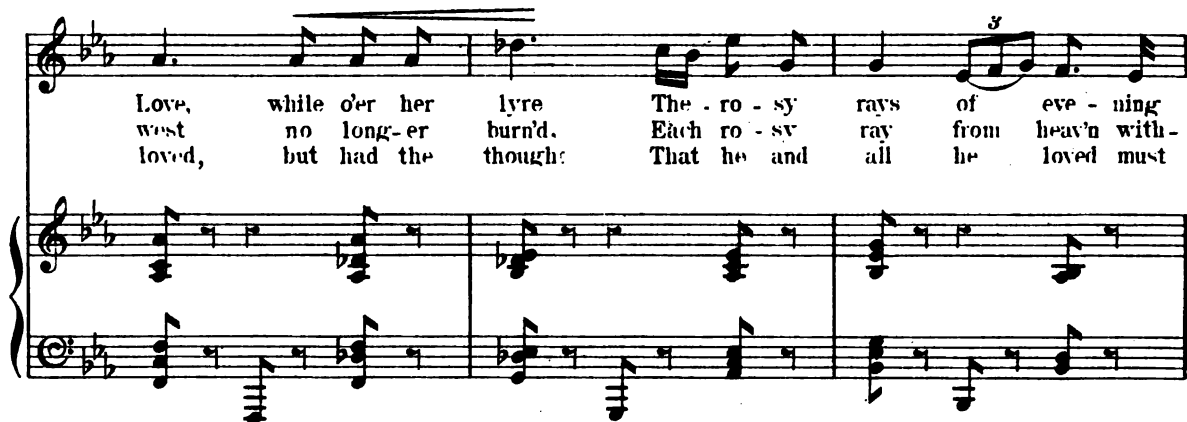
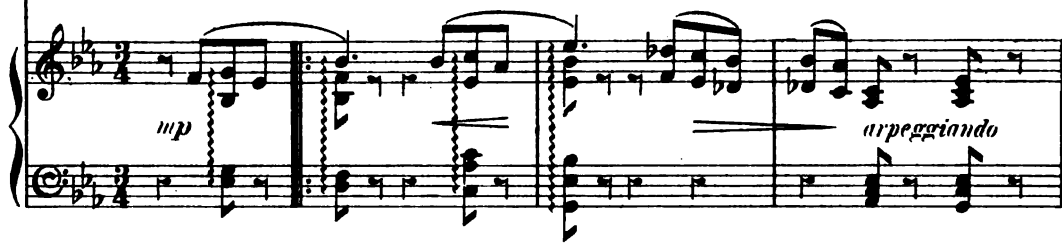
Andante grazioso.

VOICE.



1. She sung of
2. But soon the
3. Who ev - er

PIANO.



*cresc.*

in that trem - bling shell. The same rich light hung o'er her  
form seem'd fad - ing too. As if her light and heav'n's were  
i - mage to my heart; And cried, "Oh Lovel is this thy

*cresc.*

cheek, And play'd a - round those lips that sung And spoke, as  
one, The glo - ry all had left that frame; And from her  
doom? Oh light of this re - splen - dent day! Must ye then

*dim.* *poco rall.* *3*

flow'rs would sing and speak, If love could lend their leaves a  
glim - mering lips the tone, As from a par - ting spi - rit,  
lose your gol - den bloom, And thus, like sun - shine, die a -

*dim.* *colla voce*

tongue.  
came.  
way?"

## SING, SING, MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

(AIR. THE OLD LANGOLEE.)

Allegretto.

VOICE. *f*

1. Sing, sing,  
2. When Love,

PIANO. *mf* *p*

Mu - sic was gi - ven, To bigh - ten the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing;  
rock'd by his mo - ther, Lay sleep - ing as calm as slum - ber could make him,

Souls here, like pla - nets in Heav - en, By har - mo - ny's laws a -  
"Hush, hush," said Ve - nus, "no o - ther Sweet voice but his own is

lone are kept mov - ing. Beau - ty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks, But  
worth - y to wake him." Dreaming of mu - sic he slum - ber'd the while Till

*cresc.*

Love from the lips his true ar - che - ry wings; And she, who but fea - thers the  
faint from his lips a soft me - lo - dy broke, And Ve - nus, en - chant - ed, look'd

*cresc.* *p*

dart when she speaks, At once sends it home to the heart when she sings. Then  
on with a smile, While Love to his own sweet sing - ing a - woke. Then

*mf*

1. 2. sing, sing, Mu - sic was gi - ven To brighten the gay, and

kin - dle the lov - ing; Souls here, like pla - nets in Heaven, By har - mo - ny's laws a -

lone are kept mov - ing.

*f*



# THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

(AIR. FAREWELL, EAMON.)

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Tho' hum - ble the ban - quet to which I in -  
 2. And tho' For - tune may seem to have turn'd from the  
 3. 'Tis that free - dom of mind, which no vul - gar do -

vite thee, Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can com - -  
 dwel - ling Of him thou re - - gard - est her fa - vour - ing  
 mi - nion Can turn from the path a pure con - science ap - -

mand: Eyes. beam - ing with wel - come, shall throng round to  
 ray, Thou'lt find. there a gift, all her trea - sures ex -  
 proves; Which with hope in the heart, and no chain on the

light thee; And Love serve the feast with his own wil - ling,  
 cel - ling, Which proud - ly he feels, hath en - - no - bled his  
 pi - nion, Holds up - ward its course to the light which it

hand.  
 way.  
 loves.

## 4.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,  
 And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,  
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet  
 Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

## 5.

Then, come,— if a board so untempting hath power  
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;  
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,  
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

# SING, SWEET HARP.

(AIR. UNKNOWN.)

*Lento assai.*

VOICE.

*mp*

1. Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some
2. How mourn-ful - ly the mid-night air A -
3. Couldst thou but call those spi - rits round, Who

PIANO.

*arpeggiando*

*p*

song of an - cient days, Whose sounds, in this sad me - mo - ry, Long  
mong thy chords doth sigh, As if it sought some e - cho there Of  
once in bow'r and hall, Sat list' - ning to thy ma - gic sound, Now

bu - ried dreams shall raise; Some lay that tells of van - ish'd fame, Whose  
voi - ces long gone by; — Of Chief - tains now for - got who seen'd The  
mute and mould' - ring all; But, no; they would but wake to weep Their

light once round us shone; Of no - ble pride, now turn'd to shame, And  
fore-most then in fame; Of Bards who, once im - mor - tal deem'd, Now  
child-ren's sla - ve - ry; Then leave them in their dream-less sleep, The

*rall.* hopes far ev - er gone. Sing, sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A - -  
sleep with - out a name. In vain, sad Harp, the mid - night air. A - -  
dead at least are free! Hush, hush, sad Harp, that drear - y tone, That

*colla voce* *a tempo* *p*

*rall.* like our doom is cast, Both lost to all but me - mo - ry, We  
mong thy chords doth sigh; In vain it seeks an e - cho there Of  
knell of Free-dom's day; Or, list' - ning to its death - like moan, Let

*colla voce*

live but in the past.  
voi - ces long gone by.  
me, too, die a - way.

## SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

(AIR. THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.)

Tempo di marcia.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di marcia.' (March tempo). The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The voice part has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *p* (piano).

1. To - mor - row, com - rade, we On the  
 2. 'Tis true, in man - liest eyes — A

bat - tle - plain must be, There to con - quer or both lie low! The  
 pas - sing tear will rise, Where we think of the friends we leave lone; But

morn - ingstar is up, But there's wine still in the cup, And we'll  
what can wail - ing do? See, our gob - let's weep - ing too! With its

*mf*

take a - no - ther quaff ere we go, boy, go; We'll  
tears we'll chase a - way our own, boy, our own; With its

*mf* *f*

take a - no - ther quaff, ere we go.  
tears we'll chase a - way our own.

8. But

*p* *dim.* *pp*

daylight's stealing on;— The last that o'er us shone Saw our

*più lento*  
chil - dren a - round us play. The next— ah! where shall we And those

*a tempo*  
ro - sy ur-chins be? But—no mat-ter—grasp thy sword and a - way, boy, a-way; No

*a tempo*

*più mosso* *mf*  
mat-ter—grasp thy sword and a - way! 4. Let

*più mosso*

those, who brook the chain Of Sa-xon or of Dane, Ig - nob - ly by their fire - sides

*cresc.*

stay; One. sigh to home be giv'n, One heartfelt prayer to Heav'n. Then for

*rall.* *rall.* *a tempo*

*mf* *colla voce*

E-rin and her cause, boy, hur - ra! hur-ra! hur-ra! Then, for E-rin and her cause, boy, hur-

ra!

*ff*



# THE WANDERING BARD.

(AIR. PLANXTY O'REILLY.)

*Allegretto.*

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO. *mf*

1. What  
2. Oh,

life — like that of the bard can be, The wand'ring Bard, who roams as free As the  
what would have been young Beauty's doom, With - out a bard to fix her bloom? They

*cresc.*

moun - tain lark that o'er him sings, And like that lark, a mu - sic brings With -  
tell us, in the moon's bright round, Things lost in this dark world are found; So

*f* *p*

in him, wher-e'er he comes or goes, A fourt that for e - ver live  
charms on earth long past and gone, In the po - et's lay live

flows! The world's to him like some play-ground, Where fai - ries dance their  
on. Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim? You've on-ly to give them

moonlight round: If dimm'd the turf where late they trod, The elves but seek some  
all to him, Who with a touch of Fan - cy's wand, Can lend them life this

*p*

*pp*

gree-ner sod; So when less bright his scene of glee, To an - o - ther a - way flies  
life be-yond, And fix them high, in Poe - sy's sky Young stars that ne - ver

*cresc.*

he! \_\_\_\_\_  
die! \_\_\_\_\_

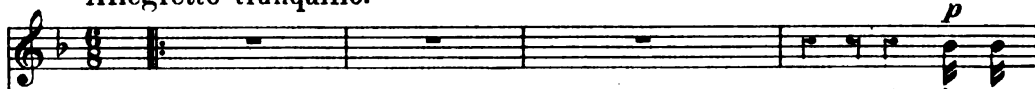
*mf*

## I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

(AIR. OH SOUTHERN BREEZE.)

*Allegretto tranquillo.*

VOICE.



1. I've a  
2. There, a -

PIANO.



se - cret to tell thee, but, hush! not here, Oh' not where the world its  
mid the deep si - lence of that hour, When stars can be heard in

vi - gil keeps: I'll seek, to whis - per it in thine ear, Some  
o - cean dip, Thy - self shall, un - der some ro - sy bow'r, Sit

*mf*

shore where the spi - rit of si - lence sleeps; Where sum - mer's wave un -  
 mute, with thy fin - ger on thy lip: Like him, the boy, who

*mp*

*mp*

murm' - ring dies, Nor fay can hear the foun - tain's gush; Where,  
 born a - mong The flow'rs that on the Nile - stream blush, Fits

*dim.*

if but a note her night-bird sighs, The rose saith, chid - ing - ly,  
 e - ver thus, his on - ly song To earth and hea - ven,

*pp*

*pp*

"Hush, sweet, hush!"  
 "Hush, all, hush!"

## SONG OF INNISFAIL.

(AIR. PEGGY BAWN.)

**Andante.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

*mf*

*mf*

*p*

1. They  
2. And,  
3. Then

came from a land be - yond the sea, And now o'er the west - ern  
lo! where a - far o'er o - cean shines A spar - kle of ra - dant  
turn'd they un - to the East - ern wave, Where now their Day - God's

main Set sail, in their good ships, gal - lant - ly, From the  
green, As tho' in that deep lay em' - rald mines, Whose  
eye A look of such sun - ny o - men gave As

*creno.*

sun - ny land of Spain. "Oh, where's the Isle we've  
 light thro' the wave was seen. "Tis In - nis - fail, 'tis  
 light - ed up sea and sky. Nor frown was seen thro'

*creno.*

seen in dreams, Our des - tin'd home or grave?" Thus  
 In - nis - fail!" Rings o'er the ech - oing sea; While,  
 sky or sea, Nor tear o'er leaf or sod, When

sung they, as, by the morning's beams, They swept the At - lan - tic  
 bend - ing to heav'n, the war - riors hail That home of the brave and  
 first. on their Isle of Des - ti - ny Our great fore - fath - ers

wave.  
 free.  
 trod.

# THE NIGHT DANCE.

(AIR. THE NIGHTCAP.)

*Allegro.*

VOICE.

1. Strike the gay harp! See the  
2. Why then de - lay, With such

PIANO.

moon is on high, And, as true to her beam as the tides of the o - cean, Young sounds in our ears, And the flower of Beauty's own gar - den be - fore us, While

hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye, O - bey the mute call, and stars o - ver - head leave the song of their spheres, And list' - ning to ours, hang

heave in - to mo - tion. Then, sound, notes, the gay - est, the lightest, That wond - er - ing o'er us? A - gain, that strain! To hear it thus sounding Might

ev-er took wing, when heaven look'd brighter! A - gain! A-gain!  
set ev - en Death's cold pul - ses bounding - A - gain! A-gain!

Oh! could such heart-stir - ring mu - sic be heard In that  
Oh! what de - light, when the youth-ful and gay, Each with

Ci - ty of Sta - tues de - scribed by ro - man - cers, So wakening its spell, ev - en  
eye like a sun - beam and foot like a feather, Thus dance, like the Hours to the

stone would be stirr'd, And sta - tues them - selves all start in - to dan - cers!  
mu - sic of May, And min - gle sweet song and sun - shine to - geth - er.



# THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

(AIR. THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.)

**Allegretto.**

VOICE. *mf*

1. There are  
2. And—  
3. Thus—

PIANO. *mf*

sounds of mirth in the night - air ring - ing, And lamps from e - ve - ry  
see, the lamps still live - lier glit - ter, The sy - ren lips more  
sung the sage, while, sly - ly steal - ing, The nymphs their fetters a -

*p*

case - ment shown; While voi - ces blithe with - in — are sing - ing, That  
fond - ly sound; No, — seek, ye nymphs, some vic - tim fit - ter To  
round him cast, And their laugh - ing eyes, the while, con - ceal - ing, Led

seem to say 'Come' in e - ve - ry tone. Ah! once how light, In  
 sink in your ro - sy bon - dage bound. Shall a bard, whom not the  
 Free - dom's Bard their slave at last. For the Po - et's heart, still

Life's young sea-son, My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay; Nor  
 world in arms Could bend to ty - ran - ny's rude con - trol, Thus  
 prone to lov - ing, Was like that rock of the Dru - id race, Which the

paused to ask of grey - beard Rea-son Should I the sy - ren  
 quail, at sight of wo - man's charms; And yield to a smile his  
 gen - tlest touch at once set mov - ing, But all earth's pow'r couldn't

call o - bey.  
 free - born soul.  
 cast from its base.

# OH! ARRANMORE.

(AIR. KILLDROUGHALT FAIR.)


*Lento assai.* *mf*

VOICE. 


1. Oh!  
2. How

PIANO. 

Ar - ran-more, loved Ar - ran-more How oft I dream of thee, And  
blithe up - on thy bree - zy cliffs At sun - ny morn I've stood, With




of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - der'd young and free. Full  
heart as bound - ing as the skiffs That danced a - long thy flood; Or,



*cresc.*

many a path I've tried, since then, Thro' plea - sure's flow'-ry maze, But  
when the west - ern wave grew bright With day - light's part - ing wing, Have



*cresc.*

*mf*

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days.  
sought that E - den in its light Which dream-ing po - ets sing;—

*p*

3. That E - den where th'im - mor - tal brave Dwell

*pp*

in a land se - rene, Whose bow'rs be - yond the shin - ing wave, At

*mf*

sun - set, oft are seen. Ah dream too full of sadd' - ning truth! Those

*cresc.* *f* *rall.*

mansions o'er the main Are like the hopes I built in youth, As sunny and as vain!

*mf* *p colla voce*

# LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

(AIR. IF THE SEA WERE INK.)

In modo d'una Marcia solenne.

VOICE. *mf*

1. Lay his sword by his side, it hath

PIANO. *mp pesante*

served him too well Not to rest near his pil - low be - low; To the

last mo-ment true. from his hand ere it fell, Its point was still turn'd to a

*cresc.*

*sempre cresc.*

fly - ing foe. Fel-low - lab - rers in life, Let them slum-ber in death, Side by

col 872

side, as becomes the re - pos-ing brave. That *molto rall.*

*cresc.* *f* *ad lib. ed espress. dim.*

sword which he loved still un - broke in its sheath, And him - self un-sub - dued in his *a tempo*

grave. 2. Yet pause-for in fan - cy, a *p* *dim.* *p*

still voice I hear, As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains; Faint e-cho of that which, in

sla - ve - ry's ear, Once sound - ed the war - word, "Burst your chains!" And it *cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *f*  
 cries, from the grave when the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the day of your Chief - tain for  
*cresc.*

ev - er hath set, Oh  
*molto rall.*  
*dim.*

leave not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep, It has  
*cresc.*

vic - to - ry's life in it yet! 3. "Should some  
*Più mosso.*

a - lien, un - wor - thy such wear - pon to wield. Dare to touch thee, my own gal-lant  
*mp* *cresc.* *p*

sword,  
*Più Lento.* Then rest in thy sheath, like a ta-lis-man seal'd, Or re-

turn to the grave of thy chain-less lord. But if grasp'd by a hand that hath  
*Più mosso.*

learn'd the proud use Of a fal-chion, like thee, on the

bat-tle-plain. Then, At Li-ber-ty's summons, like lightning let loose. Leap  
*Più mosso.*

forth from thy dark sheath a-gain!"  
*Più Lento.*



## OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD.

(AIR. BASKET OF OYSTERS.)

*Allegretto.* *mf*

VOICE.

1. Oh,  
2. Like  
3. While

PIANO.

*dim.*

could we do with this world of ours, As thou dost with thy gar. den bowers, Re  
those gay flies— that wing thro' air, And in themselves a lus - tre bear, A  
ev' - ry joy— that glads our sphere Hath still some sha - dow hov' - ring near. In

ject the weeds and keep the flowers, What a heav'n on earth we'd  
stock of light still rea - dy there, When - e'er thy wish to,  
this new world of ours, my dear. Such sha-dows will all be o

make it! So bright a dwelling should be our own, So  
use it; So, in this world I'd make for thee, Our  
mit - ted; Un - less they're like that grace - ful one, Which

*mf*

war-ran - ted free from sigh or frown, That an - gels soon would be  
hearts should all like fire - flies be, And the flush of wit or  
when thou'rt dan - cing in the sun, Still near thee, leaves a

com - ing down, By the week or month to take it.  
po - e - sy Break forth when-e'er we choose it.  
charm up - on Each spot where it hath flit - ted!

*crenc.* *f.*

# THE WINE - CUP IS CIRCLING.

(AIR. MICHAEL HOY.)

*Alla Marcia.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The  
2. The

wine - cup is cir - cling in Alm - hin's hall, And its  
min - strels have seized — their harps of gold, And they

*stucco.*

Chief, 'mid his her - oes re - clin - ing, Looks up, with a sigh, to the  
sing such thril - ling num - bers. 'Tis like — the voice of the

*p*

tro - phied of wall, Where his sword hangs id - ly of  
brave of old, Break - ing forth from their place of

shin - ing. When hark! that shout From the vale with - out, - "Arm ye  
slum - bers! Spear to buck - ler rang, As the Min - strels sang, And the

quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!" Ev - ry Chief starts up from his  
Sun - burst o'er them float - ed wide; While re - mem - bering the yoke which their

foam - ing cup, And "to battle, on to battle!" is the Fin - ian's<sup>\*</sup> cry.  
fa - thers broke, "On for li - ber - ty, for li - ber - ty!" the Fin - ians cried.

\* ) That is the followers of Fin.

3. Like clouds of the night the

Northmen came, O'er the val - ley of Alm-hin low'ring; While on - ward moved, in the

light of its fame, That banner of E - rin, tow'r - ing With the mingling shock Ring

cliff and rock, While, rank on rank, the in - va - ders die: And the

shout that last o'er the dy - ing pass'd, Was 'Vi - ctory! Vi - ctory! The Finian's cry!

# THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

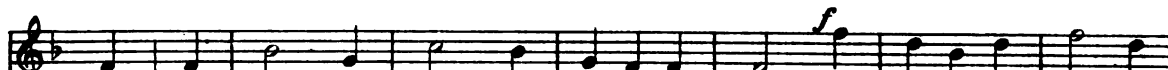
(AIR. I LOVE YOU ABOVE ALL THE REST.)


Andante.

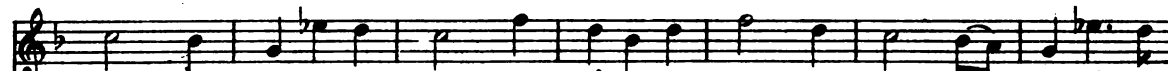
VOICE. 


PIANO. 


1. The  
2. Say,  
3. Up

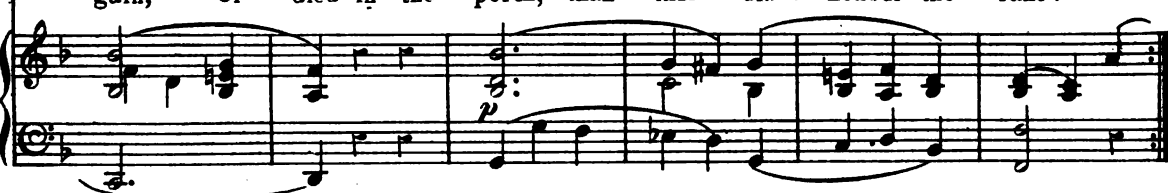
  
dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er, The triumph hath staid the  
is it that slav'-ry sunk so deep in thy heart, That still the dark hand is  
Li-berty's steep by Truth and E-loquence led, With eyes on her tem-ple



  
charm thy sor-rows then wore; And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy  
there, tho' chain-less thou art; And freedom's sweet fruit for which the spi-rit long  
fix'd, how proud was thy tread! Ah, bet-ter thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to



  
chains, A-las, not a gleam to grace thy freedom re-mains.  
burn'd, Now, reaching at last thy lip, to a-shes hath turdd?  
gain, Or died in the porch, than thus dis-honour the fane.





## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

(AIR. RENARDINE.)

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

1. From this hour the pledge is gi - ven, From this hour my soul is  
 2. Tho' the sea where thou em - bark - est, Of - fers now a friend - ly

thine; Come what will, from earth or hea - - ven, Weal or  
 shore; Light may come where all looks dark - - est, Hope hath

*cresc.*

woe, thy fate be mine. When the proud and great stood  
 life, when life seems o'er. And of those past a - ges

*cresc.* *mf*

by thee, None dared thy right to spurn; And if  
dream - ing, When glo - - ry deck'd thy brow, Oft I

now they're false and fly — thee, Shall I, too, base - ly  
fond - - ly think, tho' seem - - ing So fall'n and clou - ded

turn? No, what - e'er the fires that try — thee, In the  
now, Thould a - gain break forth all beam - - ing, None so

*rall.*  
same this heart shall burn.  
bright, so blest as thou.

*p colla parte*



# SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

(AIR. THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUIGHA.)

*Lento assai.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

1. Silence is in our  
2. Yet, at our feasts thy

fes - tal halls, Sweet Son of Song! thy course is der;  
spi - rit long, A - - waked by mu - sic's spell, shall rise;

In vain on thee sad E - rin calls, Her minstrel's voice re - sponds no  
For name so link'd with death - less song Par - takes its charm and ne - ver

more; All silent as th'Æo - lian shell Sleeps at  
dies; And evnwith-in the ho - ly fane, When mu - - - sic

*cresc.*

close of some bright day, When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell At  
wafts the soul to heav'n, One thought to him, whose ear - liest strain Was

*p*

*rall*  
sun-ny morn, hath died a - way.  
echoed there, shall long be giv'n.

*p rall.*

3. The following verses can be sung if desired: 4.

But, where is now the cheerful day,  
The social night, when, by thy side,  
He, who now weaves this parting lay,  
His skillless voice with thine allied;  
And sung those songs whose every tone,  
When bard and minstrel long have past.  
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,  
Embalmd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame —  
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,  
From thee the borrow'd glory came,  
And at thy feet is now laid down.  
Enough, if Freedom still inspire  
His latest song, and still there be,  
As ev'ning closes round his lyre,  
One ray upon its chords from thee.

# THE IMPERIAL EDITION OF SONG BOOKS.

A NEW SERIES, CONTAINING  
SONGS OF THE HIGHEST CLASS, POPULAR, STANDARD, AND CLASSICAL,  
ALL WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS AND ENGLISH WORDS.

**Price 2s. 6d. each volume, paper cover;**  
*also in handsome limp cover, gilt edges, 4s.; or, elegantly bound in Red French Morocco, limp, 7s.*

SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. I. [43]*	BASS SONGS [41]*
SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. II.*	SACRED SONGS, SOPRANO [31]
MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. I. [47]*	SACRED SONGS, CONTRALTO [42]
MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. II. [37]*	SACRED SONGS, TENOR [34]
CONTRALTO SONGS, Vol. I. [50]*	SACRED SONGS, BARITONE [32]
CONTRALTO SONGS, Vol. II. [40]*	GERMAN FOLK SONGS [83]
BARITONE SONGS [47]*	(with English words only.)
TENOR SONGS [44]*	TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SONGS [44]
	(with English words only.)

\*In these nine volumes the Songs by German, French and Italian Composers have the original Words in addition to the English translation.

## ENGLISH TRADITIONAL SONGS AND CAROLS;

Collected and edited, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, by LUCY E. BROADWOOD.  
Price 2s. 6d., paper cover; 4s. in limp cover, gilt edges. Edition with words and voice parts only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), 1s.

## SONGS OF BRITAIN;

One Hundred National Songs, selected and edited by FRANK KIDSON and MARTIN SHAW.

Vocal score, price 2s. 6d., paper cover; Edition with words and voice parts only, price 1s.

## ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS, Sets I. and II.;

Edited and arranged with Pianoforte Accompaniments, composed or adapted from the Lute Tablature, by FREDERICK KEEL.

Price of each set, 2s. 6d., paper cover; 4s. in limp cover, gilt edges; Red French Morocco, limp, 7s.  
(Two Editions of Set II., for High and Low Voices.)

## RHYTHMIC SERIES.

### THE NATIONAL SONG BOOK;

A complete collection of the Folk Songs, Carols and Rounds, suggested by the Board of Education for the use of schools, edited and arranged by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

Vocal Score, paper cover				s.	d.					s.	d.		
Do. limp, gilt				net	3	0	English Songs, <i>only</i>				net	0	3
Edition with words and voice parts				"	4	6	Scotch Songs "				"	0	3
only (in Old Notation and Tonic							Irish Songs "				"	0	3
Sol-fa) ... ..				"	0	9	Welsh Songs "				"	0	3
Do. do. cloth				"	1	0	Carols, Rounds and Catches				"	0	2
							<hr/>						
							Edition with words only				"	0	6

### A GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONG, Four Volumes;

Vols. 1 & 2 contain unique collections of Solos, all within moderate compass.

Vol. 3 contains carefully selected Duets and Part Songs for Female Voices.

Vol. 4 contains choice selection of Part Songs for Male Voices.

Price of each volume, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; limp, gilt, 4s.; limp French Morocco, 7s.

### THE TRAINING COLLEGE SONG BOOK;

Edited by FRED J. W. CROWE, containing 51 attractive compositions of the highest class, specially selected for use in Training Colleges and Schools.

Price, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; limp, gilt, 4s.; limp French Morocco, 7s.

*Recommended for use in Families and Schools.*

LIST OF CONTENTS FREE ON APPLICATION.

BOOSEY & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK, AND TORONTO.



**Date Due**[illegible]

mus 937 .59  
The Irish melodies . op. 60  
Leab. Músaic Library

AMH3626



3 2044 040 650 905

